WEEK ENDING DEC. 27 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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In this Issue:

TRUB'S DIARY

By John Taintor Foote

"★!!——??——★!★—!!—?!!"

ADOLPH ZUKOR & JESSE L. LASKY *present*

J. M. BARRIE'S PETER PAN

A HERBERT BRENON PRODUCTION

ASSISTED BY ROY POMEROY — *Screen play by Willis Goldbeck*

Let Peter Pan give you the youthful way of looking at life once more!

"Peter Pan", J. M. Barrie's immortal play picturized at last! A glorious celebration of youth, adventure and lyrical mischief!

Whole train-loads of "Peter Pan" as a book have been bought!

Thousands of theatres have been jammed to the aisles in a score of countries to enjoy "Peter Pan" as a stage play!

In England the play is revived every year and puts most of the current attractions in the shade!

Paramount has owned the picture rights to "Peter Pan" for a long time, but refused to produce it until the technique of the screen could beat the stage productions completely in bringing out the magic and mystery of Peter's adventures, and until a perfect type to play Peter was discovered.

Well, the magic's there all right, and so is Betty Bronson, chosen by J. M. Barrie himself as the ideal artiste for the part; and Ernest Torrence is Hook the Pirate.

"Peter Pan" is the greatest family movie the world ever saw. Nobody is too young to enjoy it, and nobody's too old to feel like a happy kid when he sees it.

See the Dec. 27th Saturday Evening Post for list of theatres showing "Peter Pan" New Year's Week. Ask your theatre manager when he will show it.

Paramount Pictures

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

It's a Paramount Picture

The Peace of Good Will

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND JAMES E. FREEMAN, D. D.,

BISHOP OF WASHINGTON

THE distinguishing note of Christmas is comprehended in the message that marked the advent of Him who was born in Bethlehem, "peace and good will." ¶ Pedce can only come from good will. Ill will produces discord, bitterness, and strife. ¶ The world's yearning today is for peace; peace that is indispensable to both individual and corporate happiness and prosperity. Every experiment has been tried, every nostrum suggested to effect it, but it seems still an evanescent dream. Perhaps it is because we have lacked that good will that alone can produce it. ¶ Said the late President Harding to me on one occasion: ¶ "The Gospel of understanding alone will insure a tranquil world." ¶ The "Gospel of understanding," yes, understanding that is based upon good will. That is the Gospel of Christmas; it is the Gospel of Him who "went about doing good," whose chief desire was to give to men everywhere the fuller and more abundant life. ¶ With an increasing desire for peace, with world interests fast becoming more common and its relations more intimate, shall we not believe that through men and women of good will a better and happier understanding is presently to be reached? ¶ We all want a "Merrie Christmas," we all desire to make this old world a more fit place in which to live. ¶ Better than all the gifts we give or receive is that sense of happiness and security that proceeds from the consciousness that all men, the world over, are coming to a better understanding. ¶ Shall we not hope, as we enter into the spirit of a new Christmas day, that presently there shall come that reign of universal peace and good will of which the heralding angels sang?

Bishop Freeman is acknowledged to be one of the most eloquent and powerful orators in America. He has achieved renown as a social worker, and is now engaged in building the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Washington, District of Columbia, where Woodrow Wilson is buried. Bishop Freeman conducted the services at the Wilson funeral.

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

TAXATION THAT DOESN'T TAX

The principle of the graduation of income taxes is generally approved as both just to the individual and beneficial to society. Income taxation is graduated so as to put the larger share of the cost of government upon those most able to bear it and also to do something toward reducing the inequalities of material fortune and toward restraining undue accumulation by individuals.

But if the principle is sound, its application must be sound. If not, the principle is defeated of its objects. We have had an illustration of this in the unsound policy of the federal income tax. The intent of the sharp graduation of this tax was to get the maximum amount obtainable from the largest incomes. But by making the tax too severe it was made unproductive. It was unproductive because it was so high that it became profitable to evade it.

That is, men whose incomes were above $200,000, finding that the federal government would take 50 per cent and more as a surtax, bought securities issued by States, cities, and other public bodies and made exempt from taxation. These tax-exempt securities paid lower rates of interest than securities not exempt, yet the investor of large income would get a larger net income from them than if he kept his money in nonexempt securities on which he was required to pay the highest rate of the income tax. Besides, he had a better security inasmuch as his investment was guaranteed by some governmental body.

The result of excessive rates in the income tax was that a great amount of wealth passed out of the reach of the federal government and found refuge in tax-exempt securities. It has been estimated that there have been issued by States, cities, towns, villages, school districts, and other authorized agencies of government a total of eleven billion dollars of tax exempts. Of course, much of this huge sum was needed for local purposes and has been well spent. But, on the other hand, much was not needed as much as reduction of the huge debt burden left by the war on the federal government is needed. In other words, it would have been better for us all to have paid off more of the federal debt which imposes such heavy taxation upon all the people, directly and indirectly, and to have postponed some of the huge expenditures which tax-exempt issues represent.

And there is another reason why the escape of wealth into tax-exempt securities is to be regretted. Such wealth is withdrawn largely from productive private enterprise. This effect is not yet severely felt because our financial resources are so great. But it will be felt in due time.

The reader may ask: Why permit any securities to be exempt from taxation? There is, in fact, an amendment to the constitution now in Congress which would authorize Congress to tax the issues of States, cities, etc., and the States to tax federal issues. But this amendment must be ratified by three-fourths of the States even if it is passed in Congress by the required two-thirds vote, and it is doubtful if the States will consent to give up a right which enables them to obtain money at a lower rate of interest than they would have to pay if their issues were not exempted from federal taxation. And even though this amendment were passed, the eleven billion dollars now invested in tax exempts would remain exempt, for the new law could not be made retroactive.

Thus we have had a lesson in the unwise application of a wise principle. It is not human nature, fortunately for the world, to submit to oppressive or excessive imposition even by the overwhelming power of government. Men will not let their property be taken away from them in excessive amounts, if the misfortune can be avoided, and experience in this and every other country, in our time and past time, proves that it usually can be avoided, especially in modern times when wealth is more mobile than ever in the past.

It is common sense, therefore, to fix a tax rate no higher than it will work.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

The Peace of Good Will. *A Christmas reflection* ..... By BISHOP JAMES E. FREEMAN 3
Wings. *A short love story* ..... By DANA BURNET 5
Modesty Is the Best Policy. *A travesty of stageland* ..... By W. A. D. 11
The Woodrow Wilson I Knew. *Second installment of a series of intimate reminiscences of the War President* .... By MARY ALLEN HULBERT 12
The Wild Hyena. *Ninth installment of the inimitable Trub's Diary* ..... By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE 17
How It Feels to Be a Twin. *An article* ..... By JOHN De B. LIMLEY 19
Rosie. *A short story of a stenographer's love affair* ..... By CLIFFORD RAYMOND 22
The Mother-in-Law Speaks. *An anonymous article by a mother-in-law on the "in-law" problem* 27
Harris Arrives. *Part II of a three-part series about the youngest manager in big league baseball* ..... By HUGH FULLERTON 29
Going Over the Boss' Head. *An article* ..... By WALTER DAVENPORT 31
How Valentino Keeps His Figure. *A few masculine beauty secrets* ..... By SEAMUS DILLON 34
$500 a Week for Limericks. *The winners and another chance* 36
Midnight Supper for New Year's Eve. *Household hints* ..... By ETHEL M. SOMERS 37
He Who Gets Slapped. *A motion picture review* .... By ALVA TAYLOR 39
Newest Styles Varied in Design and Materials. *Patterns* ... By PATRICIA 41
The Second Honeymoon. *Part XI of This Marriage Business* ..... By JIM and KATHLEEN 42
Why I Gave Up Golf. *A confession* ..... By PERCY HAMMOND 44
Spare the Rod; You Don't Spoil the Child. *An article on the futility of corporal punishment in schools* ..... By ANGELO PATRI 47
Graceful Lines in Holiday Gowns. *Fashions* ..... By CORINNE LOWE 49
Anything But the Truth. *Ninth installment of a murder mystery story* .... By CAROLYN WELLS 50
The Boss' Eyes. *Full page cartoon* ..... By H. M. BATEMAN 55

Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

"THERE are more petting parties and fewer hurry-up marriages" today than there were twenty-five years ago, says *George Ade*. With all the reforms that have been accomplished since the beginning of the Twentieth Century, we ought to be sweet little angels, but far from being goody-goods we think we're the smartest, fastest age that ever played strip poker or mixed a cocktail. We're too sophisticated. Take a look at yourself and all this mad rushing world of ours through George Ade's retrospective eyes (it's bound to be funny!) in *At the Quarter*.

This is but one of a number of interesting features which fill next week's Liberty.

GEORGE ADE

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WINGS

By DANA BURNET

The Story of a Girl Who Married for Money

Pictures by
RALPH COLEMAN

The dead level of her voice, the steady pressure of her hands against his breast bewildered him, robbed him of passion, his strongest argument.

I.

SHE had told him frankly she intended to marry money. Walking up the beach at Alewife Harbor that fine afternoon she had sketched her life for him. Afterward he thought of it as a pattern like that traced by the waves on the sand; spent waves with a white hem that rushed up and receded, leaving their imprint on the smooth, hard beach.

"I'm in training," she had said, swinging along beside him, leaning her body a little into the wind. The wind blew from the land, from the hills of Maine. One sensed the odor of its passage through long woods of pine; but the sea smell was stronger and sharper; more to be remembered.

"In training?" repeated Richard. "For what?"

"Marriage."

"Are you engaged?" He had met her only recently, and knew nothing about her except that she was Margaret Harcourt, a girl his own age, who had been nice to him at one of the Casino dances.

"No."

"Then I don't see——?"

She said something that was lost in the wind; but he heard: "If you knew my background——!" and asked: "What about it?"

"There's a phrase," she answered. "'The genteel poor!' That defines me."

"I don't believe you're a person to be defined by a phrase."

She turned her head and looked at him. He recalled later the vigorous color in her cheeks, the startling gold blaze of her blown hair.

"How would you define me?" she inquired, young and eager and curious.

"Oh, I don't know. . . ." Before them a flock of gulls rose crying from the sand; they swept out over the surf, circling and flashing their white bodies in the sun. "Do you see those gulls? I should say that whatever defines them—defines you."

She laughed; and he was conscious of a new phase reached in their companionship; of a new quality in the girl herself. A certain hardness, a determination. . . .

"I wish you hadn't said that about the gulls!" she cried.

"Why?"

"Because it ought to be true and it isn't. . . . I'm doomed."

She laughed again, taking the edge off the word; but he wasn't deceived.

"Doomed to what?"

"Oh, to some solid perch or other. A palatial perch, beautifully made, with an expensive chain to hold me by the leg."

"Nonsense!"

"Are you rich or poor?" she sang out to him, striding along.

"Poor," replied Richard, promptly.

"But you've got prospects?"

"I expect to be an architect."

"A successful one, who makes lots of money?"

"Of course."

"You've had your training?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've had mine. You're going to make money. . . . I'm going to marry it."

RICHARD Graydon was not a sentimental young man. Nor had he any particular illusions about the world in which he lived. Still, it seemed to him monstrous that this lovely creature could so deliberately announce herself for sale to the highest bidder.

"It amounts to that," he said, putting his thought into words.

"Yes, it does, doesn't it? Well, I'm sorry if you're shocked——"

He was young enough to say quickly, "I'm not shocked."

"You are—a little. And I'm sorry. Because I like you. But answer me this: How

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

many marriages turn out successfully under the catch-as-catch-can system?"

He laughed and said, "Darned few, I guess."

"Well, then," she asked, "why hasn't the girl who marries deliberately a better chance than she who marries on impulse?"

"A better chance for what?"

"For what's called happiness."

"Maybe she has," he admitted. "Though that leaves out the pleasant insanity I'd always associated with marriage. But you haven't stated your own case! It's one thing to choose a husband. It's another to choose a bank roll."

"I shall choose both," said Margaret, gayly. "Do you think I'll have any difficulty?"

Her smile teased him. She was slightly impudent, like a bad child. He said grouchily, "No!" and quickened his pace, but she caught his arm, bringing him to a standstill.

"You've got to understand me. I don't know why I should care—but I do. Listen——!" And she began to talk, rapidly, pouring out a story that amazed him by its sheer incongruity. He had thought of this girl as a free creature striding over the earth without material hindrance, occasionally soaring above it, like one of those white gulls.

WHAT she told him was that she had spent her life wandering about in fear of poverty that continually threatened to overwhelm her. She and her mother were alone in a world that just tolerated them. They had a name. They knew people. Friends were kind to them. An occasional relative was charitable. (She made him feel the sting of that charity.)

They were passed along from one house to another; they were shunted off to Europe, where they lived meanly in the cheapest *pensions*. They practiced exhausting economies in order to keep up appearances. That was the worst of it, said Margaret. They had to keep up, to keep going. If once they became shabby—obviously shabby—they were done for. No one would notice them, and, unnoticed, they'd fall into the abyss.

"It may seem absurd to you," she said, "and I suppose it is. But it's dreadful, too. I made up my mind last winter that I wasn't going on with it. Of course . . . I might get a job and earn money, but I couldn't earn enough to be independent. What's the use of money if it doesn't free you from the necessity of thinking about it? . . . So I've decided to marry. I've promised mother she won't have to worry much longer."

"Does your mother want you to do this thing?"

"It's her one hope in life. But it isn't only mother. I'd do it anyhow . . . After all, it's what I'm most fitted for. I'm good value, in a way. And I've got to have——"

"What?"

"Shelter," said the girl, simply.

There was a pause. Then Richard said, "I understand. Still, I can't help wondering how far ahead you've looked——"

"How far——?"

"Yes, after you've got your shelter, after you've shut the palace door behind you, what then?"

"Oh, then," she murmured. "I don't know. One can always look out of the window."

"That's pathetic," he told her; but she continued, with a sudden flareup of her impudent gayety, "I'll have plenty of windows in my palace. In fact I'll have two palaces! One in town and one up there on those rocks." She swept her hand toward the rising shoreline distant beyond the dunes. "Maybe I'll let you build it for me."

"Maybe I'll refuse," he said, with boyish defiance. She laughed and gave his arm a slight pressure. They walked on.

That was in mid-August. By the end of the month they were deeply in love with each other. Richard was heedless, happy, triumphant—the young male who feels in love with his own power of dominance. Margaret, too, was happy; but her happiness was touched with a kind of desperation; it had an underscoring shadow that he was too infatuated to see. He assumed because she cared for him that she belonged to him. . . . They were together all the time.

One night, toward the end of his vacation, Graydon spoke definitely of the future.

"You're satisfied to wait for me, aren't you, Margaret?"

"Wait for you, dear?"

"Yes. Till I've made money enough to get married on."

It was the first time in two weeks that either of them had mentioned anything so prosaic as money. She was silent a long time; finally she said, in a voice so low that he could hardly hear her:

"I'm not going to marry you, Richard."

"Oh, yes, you are!"

"No."

He was alarmed. He lifted his head from her lap, propping himself up stiffly on one arm.

"What do you mean?"

After her third cocktail she sat on the arm of Kincaid's chair ——Richard saw Margaret turn her back on the scene.

"I told you that first day—the day we walked up the beach——"

"But, good Lord, Margaret! That's all been changed——"

"It hasn't."

He stared at her, sitting blurred against the dark background of the dunes.

"DON'T tell me," he said, with a humorous twist to the words, "that you've been playing with me!"

"No. I love you. I've told you that. . . . I'll never love anyone again as I love you, Richard."

"You knew that's what I wanted!"

"Yes, I knew. . . . Perhaps I was just a coward. It was all so marvelous, so sweet——"

He jumped up, seized her, and lifted her; kissed her hard on the mouth.

"You've got to, Margaret! You've got to wait——"

"No."

"Then marry me now. You're no coward. Don't tell me you are! We'll take our chances."

She put her hands against his breast and held him away from her.

"No! No more chances. . . . I can't. It just isn't in me."

The dead level of her voice, the steady pressure of her hands against his breast bewildered him, robbed him of passion, his

"Not now," he said. "It's too late. I don't want you now."

Margaret was still. He made an effort, though it hurt him desperately, to remember her swinging along beside him on the hard sand; but she was still. Only her hands moved; there was a fluttering gesture of her hands, and that was all.

"If it's true," she said. "If you don't want me—I'm glad."

Then she turned and walked back along the beach, away from him. He let her go. He didn't run after her or call out to her. . . . The sense of reality was too strong in him; that reality which is the dark background of the world. His own emotion seemed ridiculous against it.

He flung himself face down on the sand and lay quiet till he was cold.

The next day Graydon left Alewife Harbor. He did not see Margaret to say good-by to her. When he got back to New York he wrote her a letter—but tore it up immediately he'd finished it. That gesture gave him satisfaction. He said to himself:

"I'm through. She's not worth breaking my damned heart over." (Profanity helped, too. He swore and was strengthened.) "I'll stick to my damned job, and make myself the best damned architect in New York. . . ." He stuffed the bits of letter paper into the wastebasket beside his desk.

"I'm through!" he said. And he meant it.

The following spring he read of Margaret's engagement to James Kincaid, a member of the Metropolitan oligarchy. The amount of the Kincaid fortune, smugly mentioned in the newspaper, caused him to smile involuntarily.

"Dear heart!" he murmured in the privacy of his office. "You've done it, haven't you?"

II.

TEN years later Richard Graydon was a successful and well-known architect. If he had not forgotten Margaret—(psychologists say one never completely forgets anything)—at least his memory of her had been buried satisfactorily under an accumulation of extraneous ex-

He pointed the gun straight at Richard. "Now," he cried.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVEN]

her what to do about it! She had called him "Dear Richard!"

He felt that he ought to be resentful. He solemnly destroyed her letter and told himself that he'd be hanged if he'd go to Maine.

At four o'clock that afternoon he sent her a telegram:

Coming. R. G.

At seven o'clock that evening he took the State of Maine express for Alewife Harbor.

When he got off the train the next morning a man in chauffeur's livery stepped up and said, "Mr. Graydon?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Kincaid sent me to meet you, sir."

As they walked toward the car Richard asked, "How did you know I'd be coming on this train?"

"Mrs. Kincaid said she thought you'd be on it, sir."

Richard felt slightly apprehensive. His apprehension was that of a man who realizes that his mental processes have been revealed to another. It lent a certain excitement to his first meeting with Margaret.

THAT meeting, that first impression of her coming toward him in a white dress, down the length of a long, dark toned living room, was remarkable for its disappointment. She was as lovely as his loveliest memory of her. Her beauty was obvious, he gave it instant recognition. But she was not the creature he had once found essential; she was not the girl shape who once had personified his conception of life's fulfillment, of vital movement and purpose. Still, her voice was the same.

"What does one say after ten years?" she asked, holding out her hand to him.

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea," he answered.

"Then let's don't say it." (She had got over that very neatly, he thought.) "Your room's ready for you. It's in the southeast wing, overlooking the ocean. I'll have your bags sent up."

"Am I staying here?" asked Richard, casually.

"Of course. Unless you'd rather not."

He sensed for the first time a certain consciousness of weakness in her attitude. She was not, then, so coolly assured as she seemed. He was somehow relieved, and said at once:

"I'll be very glad to stay. I've a natural aversion to summer hotels. They seem to have sprung up here like mushrooms," he added, smiling. "I noticed half a dozen new ones on my way from the station."

"Yes. The Harbor's changed. We're rather gorgeous—and completely sophisticated."

"Do you like it?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "That isn't a question one answers—so soon."

"Then—may I ask about your mother? Is she——?"

"Mother died the year I was married," said Margaret. She smiled faintly. "It seems extraordinary that you should know so little about me!"

"Do you know any more about me?"

She shook her head.

"Only that you're what you said you were going to be—a successful architect."

"That's proved by the fact that you've sent for me," he countered.

"My husband suggested it," said Margaret.

"Your husband——?"

"Yes. At least, when I talked about doing over the house—it's this room, particularly—James advised me to consult an architect. So I told him I knew you—had known you once——"

"I see," said Richard, and added, "It's all quite professional, isn't it?"

"Oh, quite. But we needn't go into that now. . . . Do you want to play golf? James said to bring you over to the club. . . . He practically lives there."

"I'd rather walk on the beach with you."

"All right. I'd love to."

MARGARET drove him to the beach in her own car, a rather shabby but essentially smart little roadster. It was before the bathing hour, and no one was about except a few children and their nurses.

"Any of those yours?" asked Richard, waving his hand toward a group of youngsters grubbing in the sand.

"I had a child—the first year. It died."

He stopped short, stared at her a moment, then went on again:

"Good Lord, Margaret! I'm sorry!"

"We've not had any more. Neither of us is particularly fond of children."

He said to himself, "That's a lie—so far as *you're* concerned." But to her he said, "You must forgive me if I blunder into what doesn't concern me. I know so little about you!"

"You know more about me," she murmured, "than anyone else on earth."

"No!" he said stubbornly. "I don't. You've changed so——"

She turned her head toward him. How vividly he remembered the gold blaze of her hair!

"In what way?"

"Oh, don't ask me to analyze your metamorphoses!" he said, laughing.

"You must!" she cried, so forcibly that he was startled. "You're the only one who can."

"So that's why you've asked me here?"

She was instantly on the defensive again.

"Not at all. . . . I've asked you—to do over my house for me."

"And to prove to me that you were right in choosing it."

He had not intended to say that. That was going too far. But apparently she had not heard him.

"Do you see those gulls?" she asked, pointing.

"Yes."

"Somehow I want to bring them into the house."

"Into the house?"

"I'd thought of doing the living room in white plaster. At least, the walls—white plaster walls covered with sea gulls in flight."

"You mean painted—a kind of fresco?"

"What? Yes, I suppose so. You'll do it for me, won't you?"

He said, glancing at her, "It's rather bizarre, don't you think? For a living room?"

"Exactly why I want it," she returned, sharply, and added, "It's all bizarre. Do you know, Richard, sometimes I think I'm not quite sane!"

"Sane? Nonsense!" He laughed. "You're the sanest looking woman I've ever seen."

"Perhaps you haven't looked—very closely."

They stopped on impulse; a mutual impulse. He studied her in silence. His very deliberation was a bit grotesque. Possibly for that reason he seemed to find in her eyes a hint of the abnormal.

"You'll do it for me, won't you, Richard? You'll bring my gulls into the house?"

"Don't put it that way!" he scolded. "Ask me whether I'll paint them."

"You will paint them? Yourself?"

"If you insist."

"Ah!" she said, sighing.

When they got back to the Kincaid cottage they found a group of people having cocktails. Margaret introduced her husband, a big, buoyant man in knickerbockers, who shouted his greeting to Richard and at once thrust a glass into his hand.

Of the others, he noticed particularly a red haired woman, a Mrs. Tomlinson, whom they all called Lilla. She was a widow, it seemed, and still wore black because—as she hilariously explained to the crowd—it was so frightfully becoming. After her third cocktail she went and sat on the arm of James Kincaid's chair, where she leaned unconcernedly against his shoulder.

Richard saw Margaret studiously turn her back on this scene. His intuition, perhaps somewhat sharpened by the gin he had drunk, went so far as to presume a situation. Here was something that existed; but it was too obvious, he decided on reflection, to explain Margaret Kincaid's peculiar state of mind. However, her predilection for the bizarre was understandable in the light of this casual drinking party.

DURING the first week of his stay in the house something happened that Richard hadn't expected. James Kincaid took a decided liking to him. It was the unreserved liking of an impulsive and undisciplined man. Richard was amused, and not unappreciative. But he was appalled when one day Kincaid, after a drink or two, suddenly began to confide in him.

It was at the golf club. They were sitting in the private lounge, with highball glasses on the table between them. Kincaid said:

"What the devil do you imagine ever started Margaret off on this craze for sea gulls? She wants to decorate the house with them!"

Richard said casually, "Oh, it's just an idea of hers, I suppose."

"I don't get her ideas. Never have. That's why we're so uncongenial."

Richard suggested that it was time to go home; but Kincaid waved him into his chair.

"No. Sit still. I've got to talk to someone. Can't talk to the people in my own crowd. They get tight and blab. Have a fresh drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Now, you take Lilla Tomlinson. There's a woman I can understand. I'm keen about her, you know——"

"I'd rather not know," interrupted Richard.

"Oh, rot! Have a heart, man! I've got to talk to someone." The big boyish creature sat fumbling his glass between his hands. "Lilla's a bit swift, but it's only because she likes to step out. Lots of fun in her! We get along like a summer breeze. Darned shame a fellow can't have everything."

"It seems to me that you've had your share."

"I guess I have. Still, you can't help wanting——"

"No, you can't," said Richard. "But what

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

you can do is to decide what you want most and then go after it."

James Kincaid stared at him.

"Good Lord! I'm not comparing Lilla with Margaret!"

"That's precisely what you are doing—in your own mind."

"Well, maybe I am. But not—not seriously. Oh, Lord, no! I wouldn't think of smashing up my life for another woman."

"Why not—if you want her?"

Kincaid blinked his eyes; then laughed. "Listen to the old bolshevik! Why, I'd be a fool to do a thing like that; and I'm no fool, Richard, my boy. Not even when I'm drunk. Leave Margaret for Lilla? Not much! I know too damned well what that'd mean."

"What would it mean?"

"Trouble!" said the other, solemnly. "No end of it. Of course," he went on, "if I had any real reason——"

"What do you call a real reason? You care for this other—for Mrs. Tomlinson, don't you?"

"I know, Richard. But it's one thing to care for a woman and it's another thing to break up your home for her. I've got just the sort of home I want—fellow must have a home!—and just the sort of wife. After all, Margaret's a thoroughbred. She's good looking. She knows how to entertain. What kind of a fool sophomore would I be to chuck all that for somebody I just want to play with?"

"I see," said Richard, trying to be impersonal. "You want to play—without prejudicing your social security."

"I guess that's it, old boy. Well! Thanks for letting me pour out my bibulous soul to you. I must see about getting some more Scotch. This is about gone. Oh, by the way! I wish you'd try to talk Margaret out of decorating the house with sea gulls."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said Richard bluntly.

"What? Oh, all right!" laughed the other. "Guess you know her. When she gets one of her ideas you can't change her."

Richard thought, "How exactly appropriate that is!"

He wondered whether Kincaid knew that he once had been in love with Margaret. As a matter of fact, Kincaid didn't know, nor had it occurred to him to inquire. He accepted Richard as he had accepted his wife's entire pre-marital background—that is, without curiosity.

III.

THE work of doing over the interior of the house was hardly a job to interest Richard as an architect. But it provided him with an excuse to stay on at the Harbor; and he had made up his mind to stay. Margaret needed him. That was sufficient reason, he told himself, to justify his presence in her home. If there was another reason, more profound, he did not analyze it at the time.

By the middle of September most of the summer crowd had gone. Mrs. Tomlinson still lingered—it seemed that she loved the fall in Maine, the coloring was so gorgeous, and the golf links were practically deserted—she played golf with Kincaid almost every afternoon. Also, the partridge season would open soon, and she was fond of shooting.

Margaret and Richard were left to superintend the work of remodeling the house. Together they engaged carpenters and masons. drew plans and discussed details. . . . As Richard had said, it was all quite professional. . . . But also they walked on the beach, in the fine hazy afternoons, when the gulls were circling over an ocean streaked with violet shadows and with amber fires. . . .

"When will you begin painting them?" asked Margaret, on one such afternoon as they stood watching the white birds wheeling and diving with strange, shrill, triumphant cries.

"Tomorrow," said Richard.

"So soon? And when will you finish?"

"By the first of October."

She was silent a moment. Then she said, "You've been very kind to me . . . I should never have asked you to come. Do you remember the day you asked me to marry you?"

"Don't!" he said.

"I've got to—I want you to know—that you were right. I was a coward, and I've failed."

He took her hands; drew her toward him. They were both trembling.

"Margaret!"

She tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come. She shook her head; her lips twitched into a smile—into the ghost of a smile.

"It's no use, Richard. I've made a bargain. I've got to stick to it."

He didn't answer her.

WHEN they reached the house they found Kincaid wandering about the living room, from which that day the workmen had departed, leaving chaos behind them. He shouted to Margaret and Richard as they came in, "Lord, what a mess!"

"Don't you think it's a little more cheerful?" asked Margaret, indicating the freshly plastered white walls.

"Oh, I don't know," grumbled Kincaid. "It suited me. Guess I'm not strong for changes. Are you still bent on that sea gull idea?"

"Yes," said Margaret.

He shrugged his big shoulders.

"All right. But I'll bet we won't be able to live with them. This room'll feel like a bird cage."

"We can always paint them out," answered his wife, and that ended the immediate discussion.

The next day Richard went to work. He first sketched a pattern on the wall—a decorative and stylized design of sea gulls in flight. For color he used a gray wash of varying tones. He did the entire job himself, and Margaret sat and watched him.

The effect was, as he had predicted, bizarre. But she was as excited over it as a child.

"I don't know what it does to me," she exclaimed, staring at the wall, "but I'm thrilled."

"You would be," said Richard, and went on painting.

It took him three days to finish the living room walls. During that time an extraordinary thing happened.

Kincaid turned completely sullen. He changed from a jovial, dominating, assured man of the world into a spoiled child. He sulked and was irritable.

"It's those damned birds!" he said. "They've got on my nerves, just as I thought they would."

But when Margaret offered to blot them out he said no, let them stay and flap their fool wings till the wall caved in. Then he drove, with Lilla Tomlinson, to hunt partridges in the woods back of the village.

That night he was depressed and gloomy. He'd had rotten luck all afternoon. The woods were impossible—too many leaves on the trees. He'd missed a dozen shots. So had Lilla. It was thoroughly disgusting.

After dinner Margaret excused herself and went upstairs. Kincaid and Richard were left alone by the living room fire. The former had been drinking steadily all evening. He sat now beside the great stone hearth, in his corduroy shooting jacket, cleaning the shotgun he had used that afternoon. His hands were unsteady. There was a fixed scowl on his face.

Suddenly he looked up at Richard, who was standing in front of the fire.

"What's at the bottom of all this?" he demanded.

"At the bottom of what?"

"You know. This infernal bird business. Margaret's gone insane—I'm sure of it! No sane woman would decorate the walls of her house with sea gulls. It's a crazy idea!"

"Maybe it is," said Richard. "But it's much more likely to be symbolical."

Kincaid stared at him.

"What do you mean by symbolical?"

"Well," said Richard slowly. "I'm not a psychologist, but it seems to me perfectly understandable that Margaret should want to express in some way her desire for—freedom."

"Freedom?"

"Yes."

James Kincaid stopped playing with the gun across his knee.

"Why," he asked thickly, "why should she have a desire for freedom?"

"That's not a question for me to answer," said Richard, looking directly at the other.

Immediately, from the end of the living room, came Margaret's voice:

"Yes, it is, Richard."

She came toward them, frowning a little, moving softly as one does in a dream. Her hand brushed the wall. She looked up at the design of gulls, and smiled to herself.

Her husband had got up and was stupidly watching her. As she walked toward the fire he said:

"Why is it a question for Richard to answer? What does he know about your—your desire for freedom? And what in God's name has all this got to do with painting sea gulls?"

Margaret stopped him with a gesture.

"Wait," she said, "and I'll tell you—only wait till I get it all clear in my mind. It's this. A long time ago he told me—Richard told me—that I was like a sea gull. No, it wasn't that! We were walking on the beach, and there were a lot of gulls. He said that whatever defined them defined me."

"Well!" said Kincaid, "and what does that prove?"

"It proves that I haven't forgotten," answered Margaret, with a queer flickering smile. "I couldn't forget. Because what he said to me was true . . . and I loved him."

THERE was a brief pause. Then she stepped quickly toward Richard, took his hand in hers, and pressed her head against his arm.

"You know I love you, Richard."

"Yes, I know," he answered, and put his arm around her.

Kincaid's voice came out harsh and blurred. It rasped through the intervening silence.

"You two—stand there, and tell me to my face—— So that's why you wanted him here?" he shouted suddenly at Margaret.

She answered quite simply, "Yes, that's why I wanted him here. I didn't realize it at the time, but—it's true."

"Then, by God, he can go back where he came from, and go now!"

"If I go," said Richard, "she goes with me."

"Yes, I go with him," repeated Margaret.

Kincaid swayed on his feet. Then his hand shot out and grasped the shotgun leaning against his chair. Rapidly, with a kind of

drunken dexterity, he drew a shell from his pocket and jammed it into the breech. The gunlock snapped. He pointed the muzzle straight at Richard's breast.

"Now!" he cried.

For a moment Richard thought that both he and Margaret would be killed where they stood. He felt death approaching; a horror made poignant by the warm pressure of her hand in his. But at the instant when he was about to cry out Kincaid gave a crazy laugh.

"It's those damned birds!" he shouted and, wheeling, fired straight at the living room wall.

There was a deafening roar. Kincaid laughed again and, throwing down his gun, rushed out of the room.

A servant—a man with a lugubrious, white face—appeared, frightened and trembling.

"Beg pardon, ma'am?"

"It's nothing," said Margaret, standing motionless. "Mr. Kincaid was cleaning his gun. It went off—by accident."

"Oh! Very good, ma'am."

"Wait!" said Margaret. "I want you to tell one of the maids to go up to my room and pack my bag. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The man vanished. Margaret turned to Richard. "I shall wait here till morning. Then I'll go—with you."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. They sat down by the fire to wait.

They were sitting there, in the vague, flickering light, in a stillness so intimate that it was like a sacrament after the violence of the last few minutes, when the servant returned.

"Mr. Kincaid told me to give you this note, ma'am."

Margaret took it from him; made a gesture of dismissal. The man turned and went out. She read aloud the note that her husband had written her.

Dear Margaret:

I'm going to Lilla, who is a groundling, like myself. If you must fly, then I suppose you must. Tastes differ. As far as I'm concerned the air is yours. J. K.

P. S.—I never could hit anything on the wing.

When she had read this note she got up and tossed it into the fire.

"Ten years," she said.

Then she sank down on the floor at Richard's feet, and put her head against his knees, sighing like a tired child.

"Is there such a thing as destiny, Richard?"

"There's this," he answered.

She reached up and took his hand.

"After awhile," she said, "we'll go down to the beach and wait for the sun. I shan't be quite sane till then, till I see the gulls flying in the light. I've watched them so often, and thought of you—till my heart ached. Now I'll see them again—and you'll be with me!"

He leaned down and kissed her bright hair.

THE END

Modesty *Is the* Best Policy

The Misses Dorothy Knox, Ruth Fallows, Cynthia Cambridge, Bernice Ackerman, and Beryl Halliday, current Follies beauties, have been insured against marriage by Florenz Ziegfeld Jr. Each young woman is bonded against wedlock for one hundred thousand dollars. It is believed that other musical show producers will follow Mr. Ziegfeld's example.—News Item.

By W. A. D.

MR. ALPHONSE GIMMER took careful aim and shot his head press agent through the heart. It was a direful tragedy, all the more regrettable because the press agent was in no wise responsible for Mr. Gimmer's desire to do murder. Mr. Gimmer realized this later, and not only sent a wreath of flowers to the funeral but attended the ceremonies in person and great solemnity. He even apologized to the widow.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gimmer, for your kindness," she sobbed. "You always were so considerate."

Seldom had Mr. Gimmer been angrier than he was that day—the day he shot the poor press agent. After satisfying himself that the press agent was quite dead, Mr. Gimmer put on his coat and hat, locked the doors so that no one might escape, and put a match to his brand new theater, the Hyperion, where he was producing his latest production, The Complexes of 1924.

Standing in front of the burning theater so that the firemen might not interfere, he watched the beautiful building burn to ashes. Thumbing his nose at the firemen and police who seemed put out at being thus balked, Mr. Gimmer called a taxi and went home, where he found fault with dinner and beat Mrs. Gimmer until she fled for her life to the nearest police station.

"I'm sure," the police lieutenant said, "I don't know what we're going to do with such a man."

"Me, neither," smiled Mrs. Gimmer.

With a loud laugh, Mr. Gimmer went to bed. He felt better next day and sent notices to all the newspapers that he would build another theater and hire another staff. He was a good man at heart.

"I feel right ashamed of myself for that exhibition of temper," he said to friends. "I must learn to do better. But when Nonnie came in and said she was going to marry that dreadful McNamara boy—why, I just lost control of myself."

"There, there," soothed his friends. "Now, don't take on. Try to forget her."

"I shall. Indeed, I shall," he cried. "Nonnie Ney will never be in my thoughts from that day to this again. But, fellows, when she told me, after all I had done for her, I could have burst out crying."

All of Mr. Gimmer's friends understood. Silently they departed, leaving him alone as he would have had it.

THEN Mr. Gimmer telephoned to the Prometheus Life, Accident, Fire, and Plate Glass Assurance Society, asking for Mr. Duggledon.

"Is that you, Mr. Duggledon?" asked Mr. Gimmer.

"Yes," said Mr. Duggledon. "Whoever is that?"

"This, Mr. Duggledon, is Mr. Gimmer."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Gimmer! Be pleased to know that we are sending you a cheque this morning. Ten thousand dollars. The sum for which you insured Miss Nonnie Ney against marriage."

"And little enough," sighed Mr. Gimmer. "With that dame on my stage attracting the swell clubmen and real bachelors to every performance, she was worth a hundred thousand at the gate. But let them get married and the boys sort of lose interest."

"Isn't it so, Mr. Gimmer! Well, such is life as they say. Is there anything else we can do for you?"

"I was coming to that, Mr. Duggledon. I'm a sucker, maybe, but I'm trying it again. I want to insure my newest paralyzer for fifty grand against marriage. Beth Mansard, you know."

"Certainly, Mr. Gimmer. The papers will be right up. By the way, Miss Mansard sings, don't she?"

"It's all of that."

"Yes, I heard her. Don't you think you ought to take out a little more accident insurance? Casualty liability, you know."

"Maybe I'm a little dumb, Mr. Duggledon, but, honest, I don't make you."

"Well, I wasn't going to say anything, Mr. Gimmer, but this Miss Mansard is a little tough on the ears, and I was thinking maybe——"

"Thank you, Mr. Duggledon. Maybe I'll think it over. Good-by."

Mr. Gimmer called loudly for his new press agent.

"Mr. Yelk! Mr. Yelk! Listen. Let the newspapers have this exclusively: Mr. Alphonse Gimmer, creator of the Complexes, has taken out accident insurance in the amount of—of——"

"One hundred thousand dollars," suggested Mr. Yelk.

"One hundred thousand dollars," agreed Mr. Gimmer, "to protect his patrons against injury to the eye or ear due to any part of the performance."

"A wow, Mr. Gimmer," applauded Mr. Yelk. "And so original."

"A man in my position has got to be thinking all the time," said Mr. Gimmer.

"And how about marriage insurance, Mr. Gimmer?"

"Old stuff. Old stuff. This marriage insurance is off. Never try to repeat, Mr. Yelk. Remember, the public is always looking for something new."

THE END

Mary Allen Hulbert (Mary Peck) as she is today.
Frederick Bradley Photo.

The Woodrow Wilson I KNEW

By MARY ALLEN HULBERT

IN the first installment of her reminiscences, published last week, Mrs. Hulbert (who was Mary Allen Peck) told of her first meeting with Woodrow Wilson in Bermuda in 1907, and of the continuation of their friendship through subsequent and increasingly frequent meetings in the United States and again in Bermuda in the winter of 1908. Many of the instances she recorded of this intellectual companionship shed new and interesting light on the personality of the War President. Her first article also revealed the curious and distressing penalty which she was obliged to pay for their association—the espionage to which she was subjected by persons professing to represent the Department of Justice, and the efforts of politicians to purchase letters she had received from Mr. Wilson, and which, presumably, they hoped to use in underground campaigns to discredit him. On this topic she elaborates in her second article, presented herewith.

TO ME there has come the peculiar privilege, and I may say amusement, of reading a thousand and one literary raids upon the character and personality of Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps I should withhold the adjective and let "raids" stand unqualified, but I should then be casting out as profitless the frequent homilies he delivered on the subject of charity, and in this he was most fervid after he had permitted his own prejudices or disappointments to rule his tongue.

But one of these appraisals of Doctor Wilson's character has rung quite true in my ears and that one is the latest—Mr. William Allen White's. Hitherto there have been no middle-of-the-road portraits of the man; probably because he was the least that way himself. His affections were quick, sure, and, while they lasted, intense. Likewise his hates were, generally speaking, instantaneous and often permanent.

What a battle there would have been between Oliver Cromwell, of whom he was really an admirer, and Woodrow Wilson. I am not at all sure (as who could be?) which would have been the Protector had they flourished in the same land in the same year. At least they would have started out side by side.

Mrs. Hulbert's son, Allen Hulbert, who discussed the espionage of his mother with Woodrow Wilson at the White House in 1919. Peck Photo

However, the fire that was Woodrow Wilson has at least scorched almost all of those who have written of him. Sometimes the flames were angry ones, eager to consume him that he might suffer. He was, to such writers, arrogant, selfish, an ingrate; the insufferable egotist and even a libertine. I have met distinguished men—men whose names are world property—yet I have met none and know of none meriting those epithets less.

And then there were those who, blind to all else save the man's towering ideals and numb to all of him except his astonishing magnetism, wrote him a demi-god, if not more. They painted him Christlike. Even some of those who were somewhat summarily dispensed with by him from time to time refused to join the disgruntled, disappointed horde which eventually crucified him, but continued to worship, silently and from afar.

So I join the rapidly swelling army of those

Woodrow Wilson, photographed at his desk in the White House at about the time when young Hulbert came to him complaining about the persecution of Department of Justice agents. © Edmundson.

The True Story of the Mysterious "Mrs. Peck's" Long Friendship with the War President, for Years the Target of Innuendoes and Malicious Gossip, as Written by Herself to Silence the Whispering of Tongues

Another recent portrait of Mrs. Hulbert. Frederick Bradley Photo.

who write of Woodrow Wilson and I do not pretend to keep to the middle of the road. I am a woman. All that I contribute is the woman's viewpoint of him, and at that I hesitate when I remember that the only woman who could possibly have done my subject justice was the lovely Ellen Axson Wilson.

But I knew him for sixteen years—a friendship starting in February, 1907, in the blessed island of Bermuda, and continuing by letter and personal association until shortly before he died. I think the understanding we shared had its birth one morning as we walked the Shore Road in Bermuda—a favorite of his—and discussed the relationship of man and woman. I say "discussed"; being a woman, I am loath to admit oral inequality. Nearer the truth, perhaps, to say that he talked and I listened.

As I recall it there was an artist in Hamilton in rather precarious health and it was a favorite topic of conversation that his wife was a perfect mother to him. The worship of this man by his wife, and of her by him, was virtual idolatry and some of the ladies and gentlemen gave themselves over to mawkish reflections — "suppose *she* should die," or "what if *he* should die." I'm quite sure that this splendid wife and her invalid husband were the only ones not given to such gloating gloom. They were, in fact, tremendously cheerful. However, apropos of all this, Doctor Wilson said that it was in spite of its lugubrious sentimentality rather a good thing for the men to watch such a devoted pair.

"Thus are men brought to their senses," he said. "Thus they come to realize the truth when doormat wives become too much a matter of course under their feet. Mrs. Wilson says of such devoted women that it is quite all right. Bless her, she says that, if there are no children, and it is the woman's pleasure and nature to be the slave of her husband, it is precisely what she should be. But I think the matter is debatable. Whatever women are, men ought to be knightly and chivalrous and lighten the burden of them whom they love."

I assure you that prior to my meeting Woodrow Wilson I was not given to serious abstract reflections on life. My philosophy was a happy one—happier, perhaps, than it had a right to be—but a cultivated one. My second marriage was by no means satisfactory to either me or my husband and it had pleased me to indulge in all the gayety I could possibly cram into winters in Bermuda and occasional trips to Europe.

Mrs. Ellen Axson Wilson, Woodrow Wilson's first wife, from a photograph which she presented to Mrs. Hulbert. © Straithmore.

But enough of that; the subject matter is that it was Woodrow Wilson's friendship and my association with him that fetched me a happiness I did not believe possible.

"Mary, somehow I do not sense you as the woman," he said. "Rather I see in you something of the dear younger brother. There is a masculine turn to your mind; an understanding that is not wholly feminine."

In return I was flattered that this new president of one of America's most important colleges should single me out, while on a holiday, for a foil for his mental exercises.

Flattering? To be sure it was. Occasionally, as it seems necessary to fill out the picture, I shall boldly quote some of his personal remarks. It would be stupid to let a false modesty withhold them. Surely, in reciting the relationship that was ours, there is no occasion for the blush nor the coyly downcast eye. As I was preparing to write these articles a friend who has steadfastly refused to emerge from her beloved Victorianism begged me to be above all things resolute.

"If you *will* write," said she, "do it courageously. Let your pen be directed by your heart and not the opinions of others. You have nothing to apologize for, nothing to palliate. It was a proud friendship, my dear."

PROUD friendship? As proud as it was beautiful. For example, there was the time Woodrow Wilson and I spoke of the whisperings which, for political purposes, had been started. I am quite sure that I had known of their existence long before he did. A woman will know such things before the man suspects. They had given me pause, I am bound to admit, but a little consideration reassured me. I say they were started for political reasons; perhaps I had better say they were encouraged for

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political reasons. They began, as is customary with such gossip, in the mouths of women who were variously motivated. A certain portion of the innuendo sprang from sheer idleness. Subjects of real importance were quite likely to be rare in a winter playground.

Then that which had its inception under such auspices was taken up by Woodrow Wilson's political enemies who, too often, masqueraded as his friends. I might select, at random, one of the most absurd, footless, and ineffective of these instances by citing the nervous lawyer who came to me in Los Angeles, in 1916 I think it was, and fluttered around like an unbalanced tomtit only to leave without having made any definite proposition.

I was occupying an apartment with my son, Allen, and our fortunes were not vigorous. I think I explained in my first article that I obtained a divorce from Mr. Peck in 1912 and all that I had asked the court for was the privilege of assuming legally my name by a previous (my first) marriage—Hulbert. I did not ask for nor receive alimony.

"How very clean you must feel," said Mr. Wilson after I had won my decree. "How fine to be free from all the old trash and impediments. How thoroughly your own mistress, with an environment of your own choosing. It is as if you had at last found yourself, after a long nightmare. Now we shall enjoy and know the real Mary Allen, so long obliged to deny herself more than an occasional peep from behind her masquerade. It will not be so difficult as you think to get along on so little. You will have the pleasure of discovering your own resources of skill and character and I am very sure you will find them inexhaustible."

Would not that supply any woman with courage to go on? But for this digression, forgive me.

At the time this lawyer came to me in Los Angeles my son and I were having rather a barren time of it financially, and to make us all the more conscious of our unpalatable dilemma we were never quite free of the espionage of the Department of Justice and other agencies which, for reasons so numerous as to leave me entirely puzzled and distraught, went to amazing trouble to try to get from me the two hundred-odd letters I had received from the then President of the United States.

THERE was a rather pretty Viennese young woman on the telephone switchboard of the apartment house whose devotion to me and my affairs was far too eager to be without suspicion of uncharitable motive. There was not then, and never had been, any attempt by Woodrow Wilson or me to conceal the fact that we frequently exchanged letters. His letters came on White House stationery and mine went to him just as other mail, save that I wrote the word "Personal" in the corner. He suggested that I do so and I am quite sure that others, seeking to win his personal attention, bore the same bid for safe passage through the hands of his secretaries.

But this young woman was accustomed to make the most of such letters to me. She would come to my rooms holding aloft an envelope bearing the White House crest and then before handing it to me would hold it to the light as though trying to read within.

"Ah," she would say, with a smile I could not find pleasant, "dere iss no money in dis one."

I never openly resented the innuendo; in fact I had made it a stern rule not to discuss my affairs. But heavens, how insistent that young woman was! So much so, in fact, that she quite overreached herself and destroyed her efficiency as a spy. All that she did was to make me very careful not to be careless. I am quite certain that she was of little use to her actual employers and I am equally certain that my natural dislike for her did not prevent my feeling poignantly sorry when, later, she was brutally murdered by a Japanese.

Gen. Sir Walter Kitchener, brother of the famous "Kitchener of Khartum." He was at one time Governor of Bermuda and, through Mrs. Hulbert's introduction, struck up a cordial friendship with Woodrow Wilson. Idle gossip had it that Sir Walter and Mrs. Hulbert were to marry. Mrs. Hulbert and her husband were estranged.

But it was to her that the New York lawyer addressed himself when he came to see me. He had with him a letter bearing what purported to be the signature of a member of Woodrow Wilson's official family. I am inclined to disbelieve, even if it was that gentleman's signature at the bottom of the letter, that the gentleman in question ever intended it to be thus used.

The letter was not addressed to me nor was my name or anything regarding me in it. It was, as I remember, merely a formal thing introducing the bearer "to whom it might concern."

"Well, what is it?" I asked him.

"Mrs. Hulbert," he said, with grave slowness, "those two boys in Washington are worrying a lot about you."

"Boys? What boys?"

"Wilson and ——." He named the person who had written the introduction.

"Oh, Mr. ———," I protested. "Aren't you given to exaggeration?"

"No, I assure you they are."

"Well, Mr. Wilson must know that I am quite well," I said. "I wrote him not long ago to that effect. The letter probably reached him while you were on your way here to inquire——"

"No, no, I don't mean exactly that," he interrupted.

I must confess here that I am not yet sure what he did mean. He never quite got to the point of being explicit. Instead he began to broadcast the importance of having one hundred thousand dollars. He delivered himself of quite an oration about the import of so much money.

"I have worked all my life for one hundred thousand dollars," he assured me (and others, including the Viennese young woman at the switchboard). "It is a sum not to be despised."

I AGREED with him, but silently wondered what part this sum of money was about to play in his broad comedy. But, alas, I was never to be quite sure. I rather expected that he was about to offer me the money if I would enlist in some nicely conceived enterprise for which he was agent. Or perhaps he was preparing to offer me one hundred thousand dollars for the letters.

I did not tell him, as I tell you, that those letters were always at the command of President Wilson. If, at any time, he had wanted them or had asked me to destroy them, I should have sent them to him or burned them as he elected. But certainly I was not going to hand them over to a stranger for any amount of money or any sort of appeal. The President knew this. If you could but read them you would readily understand why I have kept them. They are beautiful literature.

But the offer did not come. Instead this strange man addressed himself to the Viennese young woman in similar phrases. She agreed with him that one hundred thousand dollars was a most respectable sum and was not above assuring me that so much money was a matter of considerable importance. I had no reasonable argument against this.

I had got rather accustomed to strange persons coming from hither and yon making startling statements and vague recommendations, and was prepared to let this one come and go as my queer visitor saw fit. He attached himself to my son, who was then the part owner of a ranch some little distance from Los Angeles, and with us visited the place. He said that one hundred thousand dollars would do the ranch good. Believe me, never has that sum of money been so extolled.

But it came to nothing, all this fulmination —nothing. The poor man declined to come to the point and in two days departed, never to be seen by me again. I have earnest hopes that he will read this and understand how utterly chagrined he left me. He did seem so enthusiastic. And it sorely puzzles me that one of such flittering manner should have had the business acumen to garner all those dollars. He was an effervescing refutation of the theory of stick-to-it-iveness.

More than a year later, when this member of the official family and his wife came to California, I told them of this man's extraordinary call at my apartment and instantly she cried:

"Oh, has Billy ——— been out here?"

"Then you really know him?" I asked,

somewhat surprised, for I had discredited his profession of being their friend.

"Yes," he replied.

And that closed the subject, because there was a very definite finality in his tone and I had no desire to press the matter. It was, after all, of no vast importance to me. But I should like to know what the dear, fussy lawyer had on his mind! The life of a woman so famous as I seem to have been is overflowing with mystery, you know.

I AM morally certain that very little of what went on in my immediate vicinity was known by Woodrow Wilson.

There were two excellent reasons for this: one that I did not tell him, except on rare occasions, what I had heard and what I was made to suffer; and the other, that after he entered the White House he was efficiently and properly protected against such mental distractions.

For proof of this (to me at least) there was his shocked expression and words when I eventually told him much at our last meeting in Los Angeles just before he collapsed, never to recover. That was a rather extraordinary meeting of which I shall write a little later—

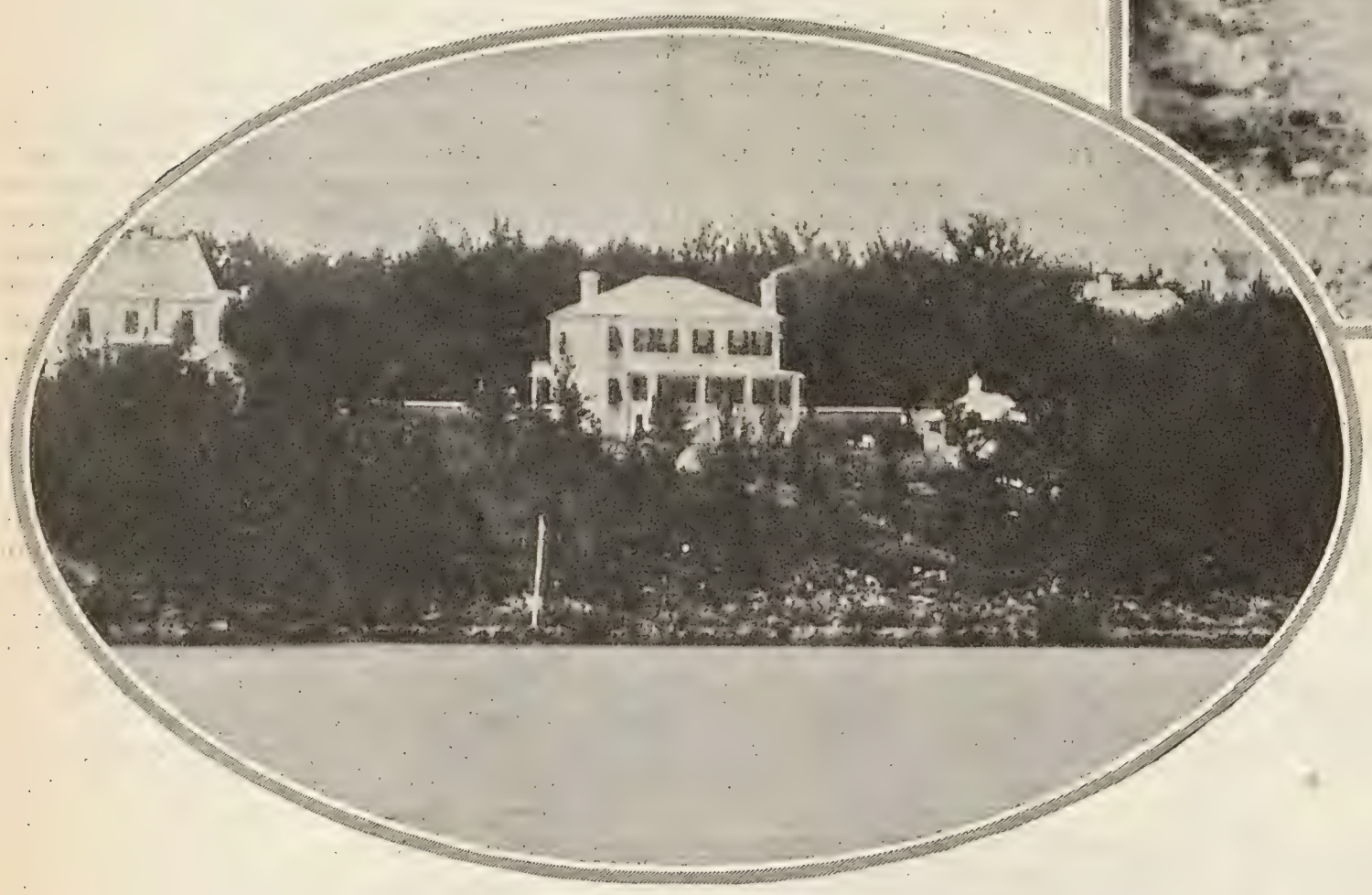
Oh, to think that I have been in any way responsible for the suffering of you and your mother!"

"It must stop," said Allen. "It will stop. We can stand it no longer. The next man who comes to my mother on such an errand—I'll kill him. Mr. Wilson, I will kill him. This is not a threat, sir, it's a promise."

"It will stop," agreed Mr. Wilson.

And it did stop. The persecutions—little and great—were over. Why had we not protested before? Well, I had written a letter which I now know never reached him. I was in Los Angeles during the worst of it and he was in Washington fighting

One of Woodrow Wilson's favorite walks in Bermuda.



Shoreby, Paget West, Bermuda, where Mrs. Hulbert (then Mrs. Peck) lived with her mother in the winter of 1908. Here Woodrow Wilson frequently called on her, and from this house they started many of their rambles about the island.

three of us sitting in a room in the Hotel Alexandria: Woodrow Wilson, his second wife, and I.

Moreover he showed how summarily he could put an end to the activities of the Department of Justice, where I was concerned, when, in July, 1919, my son went to see him in the White House at his personal invitation.

Allen did not attempt to belittle any of the activities of the California operatives of the department. He concluded his appeal to President Wilson with heat. He is my son, you know, and he was trying to protect his mother.

"Will you let me have the names of the men who have done these things?" the President asked.

"I am not sure of the names," replied Allen. "There were so many of them. I have three names, but I am not quite sure of them."

"I am sorry—so sorry—that this has happened," said Mr. Wilson. "I have not known.

and winning a great physical war and fighting and slowly losing an even greater conflict. How, then, was I to seek to lay before him personal persecutions which, in comparison, seemed so petty? I had kept many of these incidents to myself, even from my son, until they began taking too great a mental toll, when Allen was not to be stayed from his appeal to the President direct.

ALL this was the unpleasant aspect of the friendship; how greater was the joy of our comradeship. There was, even when I was most troubled, the revivifying medicine of the memory of the days in Bermuda, in Pittsfield, in Princeton, New York, and Washington.

Dearer to me than anything else, perhaps, was his immediate, dignified, and natural assumption that I was a fellow intelligence to be addressed as such and spoken and written to as though I had a comprehending mind as well as a physical being. It is an unfortunate thing that there are those who find it quite impossible to believe that, after all, there may be between a man and a woman a spiritual bond so strong as to require no physical supplementing. But such there are and it were idle to give them argument.

Of course, I have reason to believe that there were those in Bermuda who did not know that our frequent walks on the Shore Road and on South Beach were made memorable to me by nothing more piquant than social, political, and philosophical discourses in which Bagehot, Spencer, Malthus, Pater, and the Oxford Book of Verse were among the prominent authorities recoursed to.

Bagehot and the Oxford book were by all means the favorites. I, a stranger to Bagehot, was treated to many readings and interpretations of the essayist, and presently presented by Doctor Wilson with a copy. It is rather an embarrassing point in my recollections.

Very soon after we had met in the winter of 1907 he gave me the essays and I very carefully laid the virgin volumes on a table in the drawing room where they remained inviolate until the following winter, when Doctor Wilson again spent his holiday in Bermuda. Soon after his arrival he called at Shoreby, the house I was then occupying with my mother. He spent a few moments waiting for me in the drawing room and, as I observed upon entering, looking at my blessed Bagehot so conspicuously laid out upon the table. Taking one of the volumes he said:

"I hope you enjoyed the Bagehot."

"Oh, loved it," I enthused. "And thank

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you again for introducing him to me in this beautiful edition."

"Yes, yes," he sighed. "I'm sure you enjoyed him. I notice you have not cut the pages."

HE had the not uncommon habit of reading detective stories as mental relaxation, a fact pretty generally known, but his opinions of magazines was—well, not flattering. I was somewhat surprised. I, who, as a child, had pored with passionate delight over ancient copies of *Harper's* in my grandfather's attic and thus had early formed the habit, had asked him whether he read the magazines.

"Yes, as penance for my sins," he said.

The late Gen. Sir Walter Kitchener, brother of the more famous K. of K., was subsequently governor of Bermuda and as the result of my introduction of Doctor Wilson to Sir Walter, the two became cordial, if not wholly comprehending, friends.

And it occurs to me that here I might announce my complete knowledge of the gossip in which the American colony linked my name with Sir Walter's. It were better so, lest the survivors of those delightful winters wag their heads in wisdom, saying:

"Ah, behold, my dears, she omits Kitchener. There is a significant absence of frankness."

Alas, it is true. There was the rumor that Sir Walter and I were to marry. We were both unattached. We enjoyed each other's company. What more would a winter colony's gossip pages want? What more could they need?

He was my dear, kindly friend. He was delightful—Sir Walter—and whimsical and oh, quite deaf. Usually cheerful and amusing, he was subject to the occasional melancholy of the Celt.

"Your friend—ah, Doctor Wilson, you know—a fine, fine chap," said Sir Walter, "but, dash it, you see, I took him to be a medical doctor. You know I'm a bit deaf and all that sort of thing, and when I meet strangers it seems to me to be—ah, easier for me to talk than for them to shout their remarks into my poor ear at an unaccustomed pitch. And dash it, I made conversation as well as I could, you know—my concern in the health of the islanders and my own symptoms and all that sort of thing. He seemed so interested that, damn it, I went on and told him in great detail all about the sad case of my maiden aunt."

Sir Walter was enormously chagrined, but Doctor Wilson had borne up under the dismal story of the defunct maiden aunt with unparalleled fortitude. But although the governor and Woodrow Wilson were frequently in each other's society, it was never quite possible for Doctor Wilson to hear all the gossip with the complete understanding that there was nothing anyone could possibly do about it. And he could never quite adjust his ears and mental position to the inevitable twaddle.

"I resent the talk about you and the governor," said Doctor Wilson.

I can only hope that my protestations were satisfactory. The whole unromantic truth is that by no wrench of the imagination could I nor can I visualize two persons farther removed from the contemplation of the sentimental journey than Sir Walter and I. I think there was even another lady!

He never referred to this gossip again, and I do not recall that any other portions of the small talk of the colonists were ever a very serious part of our conversations. I think he was immune from a commonplace understanding of what we are wont to call scandal. This, in my opinion, was the result of his closely nurtured ideals. He was not the kind quickly to recognize gossip; he had not that sort of ears.

AMONG my early impressions of Woodrow Wilson was that he was more than ordinarily fond of attentive audiences. This is not an uncommon trait in either sex, although women have for ages and with malice aforethought permitted it to be cultivated to a higher development than the male. As I say, he had it in extraordinary measure, but (and this with becoming modesty) he did seem to be discriminating.

You must understand that a new man in the colony was an occasion for some excitement and quite a little rivalry. Add to that a distinguished man and—well, I leave the matter to any woman. Ergo Woodrow Wilson was not without opportunities to select his audiences. Feline I may be, but I choose to illustrate with his own words his aversion for a really charming American who so eagerly courted his attentions.

A Mr. and Mrs. Norris were the hosts at dinner in the Hotel Hamilton on this occasion and among the guests were Admiral and Mrs. Upshur, Chief Justice and Mrs. Gollan, Colonel and Mrs. Mathieu, Doctor Wilson, and an American lady who could, when occasion warranted, be as alluring as any woman I have ever known. And she elected to be at her best on this occasion. But no. He almost shivered as he talked of her.

"I do not like Mrs. ———," he said, almost boyishly. "She has not the right flavor. Yesterday, too, I met her quite by chance and she asked the most impertinent questions about you—not involving me in any way, but just impertinent, personal questions about your affairs."

"I am sure," I laughed, "you take her too seriously. She has always been quite kind to me and I'm sure that you have put an unwarranted construction upon what she said."

"At any rate," he replied, "I shall give her a wide berth in the future. She made some pretty excuses for the questions and expressed great admiration for you, but that did not deceive me in the least nor thaw me. And what a queer, lank, anæmic creature her son is. I had some talk with him, but concluded that it would take a week or two to find out what he had in him. It might not prove worth while, so I shall not try."

"Dear me," I cried, "how censorious you grow."

"Yes, yes. After all, there are a great many delightful people here in Bermuda; the bores are decidedly in the minority. People, you know, are divided into the exhaustible and the inexhaustible. Almost everybody is interesting in spots and for a little while and here and there you are rewarded by finding people whom you cannot exhaust of the pleasure they give you. Judge Gollan seems to be one of these. His is a singular freshness. It never palls on one nor grows stale, and it always makes and deepens the same impression.

"Now, women a mere man cannot get at so readily and directly. Women would not look at me twice, dear lady, if they did not think I was something in particular and did not find I had a store of amusing stories."

Doctor Wilson did not dance. He tolerated it in others, but, I'm sure, never quite condoned it, although his daughters are beautiful dancers. As for smoking by the women——

"If I thought," he said, "that by getting down on my knees I could make you stop smoking, I would be there."

The Tribal Road in Bermuda, over which Mrs. Peck and Woodrow Wilson took many of their long walks.

In the next installment of her narrative, Mrs. Hulbert writes of the beginnings of Woodrow Wilson's worriment over the whisperings which linked his name with hers. What the man who was being groomed for the presidency thought of his own political prospects; the informal and disturbingly frank opinions he gave her of Roosevelt, Champ Clark, and Bryan, and how, one day just before his election, he came to her in her New York apartment with word of a "mystifying rumor" which, he feared, might "put an end" to his candidacy and his career, will be told in next week's issue.

"Can you imagine! Sliding through gravy! It was the greatest moment of my life."

The Wild Hyena—Ninth Chapter of the Inimitable

TRUB'S DIARY

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

In Which the Lovable Pup Upsets the Kitchen at Gray Gables and Protects Flips, the Flapper, and Her "Billy-Love," the Chauffeur, from the Unsympathetic Aunt Caroline.

Picture by ROBERT V. DICKEY

DECEMBER 17. I have been concentrating. I have been concentrating on how to get into the kitchen. You'd know why if you could smell the smells that come out of that place.

I wonder why no one lives in the kitchen except the dark woman. Aunt Caroline and Flips and The Molecule never go there. Something must be wrong with their noses.

The dark woman's name is Ruby. She is the color of the brown stones in the pink box at Toodles' home that made me swallow up. I watch her through the window. When she looks out I give her wags and wiggles. Nothing happens.

There are two ways of getting into the kitchen. One is through the door at the back porch. The other is through the butler's pantry.

I decided to try the butler's pantry way. It's a hard way on account of the door. It's a queer door. If you give it a paw-poke it swings open. Just as you start through it comes back and bangs you on the nose. I tried it three times to make sure. Every time I got a nose-bang. Then I sat down and concentrated.

The dining room girl was going through the door quite often. She carried things on plates. The smell from the things on the plates was beyond words. I came to a decision. I said, "I shall accompany her—quickly." I did.

I was surprised at what happened. I think the dining room girl was, too. She was so surprised she sat down suddenly. What she was carrying on a platter slid along the floor. I slid after it through some gravy. Can you imagine! Sliding through gravy! It was the greatest moment of my life.

And then I came to what had been on the platter. Will I ever forget the sensation? Just the size of it was breath taking. And the smell! There is no way of giving you an idea of that smell.

I closed my eyes at the first taste. That's why I didn't notice the dark woman. I just heard a swishing noise. Then something hit me. It was a broom. The dark woman had hit me with a broom.

She said, "Leggo 'at pot roas', dawg!"

I growled at her. She hit me again. Things began to get red. It was like the time with the Chow when Mike shut me in the end runway.

Then I remembered what Mike had said

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about pacifism. I made an effort. I controlled myself. 'I just took another bite of what had been on the platter and ignored the dark woman.

She hit me again. I growled louder. Would you believe it—she hit me again!

I don't think Mike would have approved of what happened then. It had nothing to do with pacifism. When I came to myself I had something in my mouth. It wasn't what had been on the platter. It was a piece of something the dark woman had been wearing. The dark woman was standing on a table. She was yelling. I don't think I ever heard anyone yell louder.

Aunt Caroline came into the kitchen. So did Flips. So did The Molecule.

Aunt Caroline said, "Ruby, Ruby, stop it this instant! Good heavens, Robert, she's gone crazy!"

The dark woman stopped yelling. She said, "Crazy, is I? Take 'at wile hyeenah out-a here an' lemme pack."

The Molecule looked at me. He said, "Ah, collecting lingerie, are you, Trub?"

He dragged me out of the kitchen. He shut me in the storeroom. And then guess what! Gravy! All over me! I licked every place I could reach.

DECEMBER 18. I have a new name. It is almost as nice as Trub Trescott the Hero. The Molecule gave it to me. He calls me The Wild Hyena.

The dark woman is not in the kitchen any more. I don't know where she has gone.

DECEMBER 20. The gray-haired man is here. I like him. He scratches me back of the ears. Aunt Caroline calls him Frederick. The Molecule calls him Worthy Guardian and Esteemed Sir. Flips calls him Freddy Darling and Ducky Daddles. It's confusing.

The gray-haired man came to have a talk with Aunt Caroline. I heard him say so. They had it in the library. I was there. Just we three. I chewed a book I found on the floor. Not bad after the cover came off.

Aunt Caroline said, "Well, have you seen her?"

The gray-haired man said, "Had her to luncheon."

Aunt Caroline said, "Impossible, of course."

The gray-haired man said, "Oh, I don't know."

Aunt Caroline sat up very straight. She gave the gray-haired man a look. It was not a kind look. She said, "Just what do you mean?"

The gray-haired man said, "Well, she's quite easy to look at."

Aunt Caroline said, "Of course—that's her business."

The gray-haired man said, "It's the best business I know of, for a woman."

Aunt Caroline said, "Motion pictures?"

The gray-haired man said, "No. Beauty. She has it. Why don't you ask her out here for a few days?"

Aunt Caroline sat up straighter than before. She said, "Have her here in this house?"

The gray-haired man said, "Exactly. I'd like to be here at the same time. Arrange it, will you?"

Aunt Caroline said, "I most certainly will not. That creature!"

The gray-haired man came and took my book. He looked at it. He said, "Marvelous pup, Caroline. He simply devours Emerson." He put the book on a shelf—what was left of it. I tried a magazine.

Aunt Caroline said, "Hmph! He also devours the servants."

The gray-haired man said, "So Bob tells me. Something of a coon dog. Now, Caroline, let's get down to cases. I have a little knowledge of just two things in this world—finance and human nature. Both enter into this affair, I think. The girl's motives are purely mercenary. The boy has fallen temporarily for a pretty face. Suppose you stop opposing him and let me run the show for a while. What do you say?"

I like to understand what people are talking about. I did not understand the gray-haired man. It made me yawny. I closed my eyes for a minute. And then guess what! Saki was giving me a bath in gravy. Aren't dreams wonderful!

Aunt Caroline and the gray-haired man woke me up. They were leaving the library. Aunt Caroline said:

"Very well, but you're responsible. If things go wrong——"

The gray-haired man called to me. He said, "Come on, you book worm!" He put his arm around Aunt Caroline. He said, "They won't, Caroline, they won't."

FLIPS was in the hall when we came out of the library. She said, "I know what you've been gabbing about and you both make me sick. Just as though a person can't live their own life."

Aunt Caroline said, "Florence, I've heard quite enough from you on the subject."

Flips said, "Have you? Well, some day you'll find out."

She went out the front door. I went with her. She slammed the door. We went around the house to the garage. The shofer was there. He had on big black boots. He was rubbing the window of an automobile with a yellow cloth.

Flips said, "Kiss me, Billy!"

The shofer said, "Like the devil I will."

There was a rubber hose that went from the wall to an iron thing with holes in it in the floor. Water was running out of the hose down the iron thing in the floor. I took a drink of the water. It was hard to drink, it ran so fast. Then I lay down and tried the hose.

Flips said, "Why won't you, Billy?"

The shofer went on rubbing the automobile window. He said, "Too busy."

Flips said, "All right; I'm going to wait right here till you have more time."

The shofer stopped rubbing the window.

He said, "Aw, listen, kid!"

Flips said, "Then kiss me!"

The shofer said, "Will you beat it if I do?"

Flips said, "Yes, Billy." She put her arms around the shofer's neck.

I thought of a new game just then. I began to play it with the hose. It is called "Kill the serpent." It is a good game, only wet.

I played it only a second. Aunt Caroline spoiled everything. She started to come in the garage door. The water from the hose went right in her face. She screamed. It seemed best to stop the game and go away from there. I did.

DECEMBER 21. Flips has given me three bones today. She hugs me a lot. She keeps calling me "a darling, darling, darling, darling pupums."

Trub finds life with the Trescotts one continuous round of excitement, and in the next installment of his diary, to appear soon, tells of more of the family happenings as he sees them.

JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Trub Comes Back

Here he is, the inimitable, rollicking pup whose escapades keep things moving at high speed in the Trescott household! In this week's episode he costs the Trescotts one good cook—but makes up for his misdeed in a way that will delight you. Also, by way of renewing old acquaintances, here are Trub's friends and associates in his uproarious adventures, as chronicled by *John Taintor Foote:*

ROBERT HOLMES TRESCOTT, dubbed The Molecule, young, inclined to be wild and extravagant, suspended from Yale because of his escapades, who falls in love with

DACIA KENDLE, a pretty moving picture actress, upon whom The Molecule lavishes gifts and who is keenly interested in his financial prospects.

AUNT CAROLINE, a maiden lady, old-fashioned and prim, living at Gray Gables, the Trescott home, who looks with disfavor on her nephew's spending proclivities, and is aghast at his affair with Miss Kendle.

FLORENCE TRESCOTT, affectionately termed "Flips," The Molecule's young sister, a genuine flapper, impulsive and demonstrative, who likes

WILLIAM, otherwise known as Bill, chauffeur to Aunt Caroline.

SAKI, Japanese servant in the Trescott household.

THE GUARDIAN, an elderly, gray-haired man, who looks after The Molecule's financial affairs.

MIKE, a sturdy Irishman, manager of the Craycroft Kennels, Trub's first home before he was purchased by The Molecule as a sort of peace offering to assuage Aunt Caroline.

How IT Feels TO BE A Twin

Being a twin is something like being a side-show freak—everyone seems interested in twins.

By JOHN DE B. LIMLEY

It's Bad When Your Double Has the Measles (You Get Them, Too), and Good When You Can Convince a Traffic Cop It's the Other Fellow He Has Been Looking for—"We Do Fairly Well," Says the Author of These Divert-ing Confessions, "But No Twin Ever Gets to Be President."

Pictures by
WALTER FRANK

IF YOU are a twin you are born to have one and seven-eighths as much sorrow, to have one and a half times as much suffering, to have twice as much enjoyment, twice as much sympathy, and to the certainty of having one pal who clings twice as close as a brother.

Whether it is good to be born to double the capacity of feeling, and double the opportunities of trouble, of worry, of pleasure and of pain or not, is an unanswerable question.

Two persons who can see themselves as others see them might be expected to benefit therefrom. As a matter of fact a twin gets as little benefit from that seeming advantage as the average person does from looking at himself in a mirror. Even less, perhaps, because the twin usually is more loyal to the being born his double than he is to himself.

Being a twin is something like being a side-show freak—or something different—twins, like kings and geniuses, are born and have to stand for it.

Everyone seems interested in twins. Bill and I can collect a crowd even now, and everyone looks at us as if we were curiosities. One of my earliest recollections, when we were very young, was of disgusted wonder that every time our double baby carriage stopped a crowd of grinning idiots gathered around and someone said, "Oh, how cute." I never have forgiven my father for standing around, smiling and swelling out his chest as proud as Lucifer himself.

OF course, Bill and I were extraordinary babies. We admit that even now, and the one great joy of our lives has been that father and mother named us Bill and Jack instead of attaching some idiotic twin name to us. If we can get far enough apart we can conceal the fact that we are twins, because honestly, if you don't see us together we are tolerably normal human beings and not the curiosities we are regarded as being by most persons who see us together.

The problem of twins is perhaps more serious to twins than to anyone else except their mother. The theory that, in every case of "twinitis" which strikes a family, one is a weakling or lacking in some manner, has not worked out, on the law of averages and, in our case, there is practically no difference, mentally, physically, or in any other way.

I hold it against Bill that he caught the measles and gave them to me, while, in rebuttal he charges I accumulated one of the finest cases of chicken pox possible and handed him his share. We always divided that way.

I am against the theory, propounded in both Germany and Russia, that the weaker of any set of twins should be killed in order that the other might grow stronger and better.

That is done with race horses. Whenever a mare has twins the weaker is destroyed, and the survivor is supposed to secure more nourishment and become stronger and better.

It is rather difficult to disprove this theory, or to show that the weakling, had it been permitted to live, would have developed later into as strong and fleet a horse as its twin.

Recently there has been a case which proves my argument that Bill shouldn't have been killed when we were born, merely because I weighed six and a quarter pounds and he weighed less than six.

Mrs. Robert Geary has twin children and when they were small one of the Geary race horses foaled twin colts. The stable people naturally prepared to destroy one of the colts, but Mrs. Geary heard of it and ordered that both be saved and trained for the twin children.

One of the colts at that time seemed puny, and the other was vigorous. Both were saved, and within a year they could not be told apart when the Geary twins rode them down the road.

The theory has caused considerable argument between Bill and me. In fact, I have taken considerable advantage of the fact that I was forty minutes ahead of him into this world and weighed half a pound more. Recently, however, Bill has developed a love for boxing, and mentioning to him that he should have been destroyed when we were born because he was the weaker is attended with dangers and he gets even by saying, "Gee, you're getting old," turning that half hour against me.

Naturally being a twin I have been interested in twins and have made considerable study of the subject. I have even attempted to argue that twins should be elected President of the United States, since there is more work than one President can handle by himself. There is one comfort about this twin business: All the authorities on twins agree that it is not hereditary, although one of my brothers (not my twin) has twins. He had the judgment

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to have one red headed and the other black to enable others to tell them apart.

Authorities record no cases in which both twins attained any great eminence, and few cases in which even one was of exceeding prominence. Yet the authorities agree that twins, on the average, are better formed than other children.

Novelists and playwrights have had a lot of fun with twins and have used us as plot helpers. Not one of the detective writers, however, has had the cleverness to evolve a plot depending upon finger tip identification and develop that it was the finger print of the twin. Science has discovered that both the finger prints and the foot prints of twins are remarkably similar. Dumas the elder wrote about The Twin Lieutenants, Farquhar of the Twin Rivals, Sedgwick of the Twin Sisters. Plautus wrote The Twins, and we all know Bret Harte's Twins of Table Mountain.

Yet in life we twins seldom achieve prominence, perhaps because the crowds that gape around twin babies make them determined never again to stand for publicity or basking in the public spotlight.

One of my earliest recollections was of disgusted wonder that every time our double baby carriage stopped, a crowd of grinning idiots gathered around and someone said: "Oh, how cute!"

THERE are some twins, however, who have done things of merit and who have gone through life together to high places. The Grosvenor twins, Gilbert and Edwin, won honors at Amherst and fought it out for the tennis championship. They continued to live almost as one, even becoming ill at the same time. Robert and Frank Michel, once noted acrobats, were an amazing pair, looking so much alike that the mother once gave Bob two baths and let Frank escape. Poor Frank! Once they both had colds and the mother, who couldn't tell them apart, put two mustard plasters on him and none on Bob. The Ploger brothers of Owosso, Michigan, were of considerable importance. Anson and Friend Ingraham became wealthy together, and Rose and Louise Briot of Chicago, the Stallard twins, were prominent musicians in England. E. C. and R. G. McCurdy were so remarkably alike that no one could tell them apart—and both were sufferers from night blindness—getting blind as soon as the sun went down.

Bethel, Maine, had an astonishing pair. When they were eighty-four years of age they could not be told apart.

Yet, while we do fairly well, no twin ever gets to be President. Neither do a lot of other people, so I guess we're not so bad off after all.

Bill and I used to play football at high school, and when I saw him tiring, I'd slip into the lineup, and if he saw me slowing down he would get into play and let me rest. I remember one memorable occasion when I debated with an official, claiming I was the fellow who had played left tackle the first quarter. Unfortunately there was no mud on my uniform and Bill had been wallowing—so we both were chased off the field.

We had a precedent for that sort of thing. There are two Fathers Ryan—one in charge of a school at Mobile, and another stationed at New Orleans, both prominent as priests and educators. They came from Troy, N. Y., and both were great ball players while in school. One could hit and wasn't much of a fielder, and the other was a good fielder who could not hit much. So one did the fielding and the other batted—until they were detected.

Claude and Clarence Jonnard, both of whom gained fame as ball players, are twins, and their careers ran together until they were separated by the contract system in baseball. Claude, the pitcher, was then catcher, and Clarence, the catcher, was pitcher on their grammar school team at Nashville, Tennessee, but in high school they changed jobs. The twin battery went to Nashville in the Southern League and became famous until Claude was sold to Detroit. The Tigers turned him back to Nashville, and the twins were reunited, until Claude was sold to the Little Rock club, from which the Giants got him. Clarence was sold to Pittsburgh and then sent to the minors. But Clarence swears Claude is the best pitcher in the world and Claude vows no one can catch like Clarence.

Being a twin has some advantages, however. I have several times convinced traffic cops that it was my brother who drove forty miles an hour passing him the night before.

In fact, twinship has worked pretty well with us in some cases. Bill always was a shark in mathematics, and I liked English and philosophy—so, instead of grinding for exams, I took all his English and he stood my mathematics. The fact that we went through high school with practically the same marks in every study, and were graduated with honors, shows that it pays to specialize. In college, we had much the same experience—until what we refer to as "the divorce" took place. The divorce was caused by Bill electing to study engineering and I took a straight English course. It was our first real break—and it was reflected in our class standing.

But it was not my intention to write so much about ourselves but about twins in general.

There are the Dolly Sisters, two of the most graceful and popular girls on the stage—twins, although there is a two hours' difference in the ages of Rosita and Yancsi. Their devotion to each other and their loyalty, even after both were married, is touching.

The Dolly Sisters have something which is lacking in many twins, and that is an utter absence of any thought of jealousy. Now, Bill and I are loyal, and all that, but we always could scrap like ordinary brothers. The worst battle we ever had (I won that one) was when Bill borrowed my first Tux to wear to a high school dance on the night I had invited my best girl to dinner.

But the Dollys never have shown such symptoms. When they were much sought after, prior to their marriages, it was all right for Rosita to go to dinner with Yancsi's best beau, or vice versa, and usually the beau didn't know which was which. They were entirely democratic in the matter of each other's gowns. They wore different colors in private life, although dressing entirely alike on the stage, and one never knew which was which, as they traded gowns or hats frequently.

A friend of ours in the theatrical business thought it would be a joke to introduce Bill and me to the Dolly Sisters, and so it was. We never knew which was which, and neither did they unless we mixed topics of conversation.

Bill had one darned bad habit about that age, although I don't know that he worked it on the Dollys. He would pretend to be me and boost himself with the girl, and kind of slip in a knock on me. I caught him at it with the only girl both of us really fancied at the same time. That was serious, too. I tried to get even by using his own trick against him to queer him. We finally convinced the girl that both of us were poor sports—and lost her.

Mostly, however, neither of us liked the girl the other preferred. Bill was strong on brunettes while I liked red-headed girls.

THOSE Dolly twins interested us immensely. They were so sensible. Rosita we soon learned to identify, because she is the business woman of the team, and a sort of mother to her twin and does all the contract making and that sort of thing. They were born somewhere over in the Balkans, but have a home near Paris: sensible business women, they never let the hotels get their money and live beautifully on less in a villa within easy ride of the Paris theaters.

Yancsi had a serious illness once and Rosita did all the work, doing a double turn, and divided the money with her sister just as if both were working—and without a thought that she was doing anything extraordinary.

Twins are that way; why, Bill will lend me anything he has.

The Friend twins who were honor men at Columbia University never could escape that appalling publicity which makes twinship so hard. It is bad enough, when you are a helpless twin wanting to sleep while the other half wants to bawl, to be cuddled in a baby carriage propelled by an unduly proud parent, and to have grinning grownups talking baby talk and gooing and chucking you under the chin—but

to have to undergo much the same ordeal through life is tough.

The Friend twins come from East Orange, New Jersey, where their father is publisher of *The Chronicle Press*. He named them Edward and Jacob, but which is Jake and which is Ed they alone know most of the time. Jake declares they can fool men, but never have been able to fool a girl. Possibly Jake is a faster worker.

The remarkable thing about these boys is that, no matter what it is, they seem to do everything alike and they have gone through life thus far pace for pace. They were graduated from the East Orange High School in 1919 with honors and almost exactly the same grade. Both are musical, playing piano and saxophone interchangeably; both sing and their voices are so nearly alike that they fail to distinguish them one from the other.

They went to Columbia University and simply walked two abreast to honors. Both were chosen for membership of the Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity, and their collegiate careers were climaxed when both were elected to Phi Beta Kappa—being the only set of twins recorded who ever won that highest of college honors. When it came to awarding the Silver King's Crown, an honor given for eminence in non-athletic activities at Columbia, the authorities solved the problem by awarding the crown to the twins, probably to wear in turns.

If you know the Friend twins you can tell them apart by closely observing them. One wears his hair parted on one side, and one on the other (it isn't fair to tell which)—and Ed is left handed while Jake is right handed. Otherwise they are so much alike that either one is liable to mistake the other for himself.

Parents of twins observe one peculiarity about them in babyhood that scientists interested in language of humans and of animals should investigate closely. That is the ability of twins to "talk" to each other before they learn the language of the rest of the race. The majority of twins can understand each other, and use word forms of their own making.

This was true in part in the case of Bill and I. Long before we could talk to mother or father we could understand each other, and had a sort of sound language. In every case I have inquired into the same situation is found. One of the most pronounced cases of this twin language was in the babyhood of Amy Louise and Marjorie Middendorf, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Middendorf of North Edgewater, Chicago. The little girls had a language of their own and could carry on entire conversations, make each other understand their wants, and could express entire contempt for grownups without being suspected.

They were loath to drop their own language for that of foolish grownups, and refused to speak English for a long time. Their parents, of course, picked up the meaning of some of their words, but never were admitted to the full vocabulary, the "twinnies" finding it safer to use it when planning mischief. They could converse with each other openly, and discuss the advisability of cutting the flowers off their mother's new hat with perfect impunity, as the grownups never could understand them.

They used this language largely until past four years of age, and seemed to have a vocabulary of more than a hundred words all their own. Then as they grew older and picked up English the memory of the baby language gradually faded.

Allen and Edna Zollars, another pair of twins, had almost as complete a language in talking to each other and saying things too sacred for grownup ears. They must have had more than a hundred words—bebe, boy-boy, pit-pit (they seemed to double many words). Just what "darny," "wus," "a-a," and such words meant they do not remember, but "we" was a lead pencil and an apple was "waukin" and talcum powder was "an"—perhaps an effort to say "sand."

The twins probably had an idea that talcum powder and sand were the same since they, on one occasion, talked together in their own language, arose and toddled from the room; after twenty minutes their mother, remembering they had repeated "an" several times, and becoming suspicious of their silence, investigated. They had a five-pound can of talcum powder in the middle of an oriental rug and were playing in "an." Thereafter the entire family understood that word at least.

Those Zollars twins were rather remarkable—and still are. Until they were about five they were alike as two peas, and even when a dress and a pair of trousers distinguished them they were liable to trade and fool everyone.

Then Al started to grow and Edna didn't. Al is a midshipman at Annapolis now, six feet four and a half, and his sister is about two and a half feet shorter, but making up in beauty what she lacks in stature.

As in the case of many twins, their minds appear to be twinned also. The Zollars twins were graduated with high honors from a Pittsburgh high school—with but one-eleventh of one per cent difference in their standing in all branches.

"BEING a twin has advantages and drawbacks," Edna says. "Going to a party, for instance, means a burnt offering for both of us. We always go together because no one thinks of inviting us separately. We are introduced as 'The Zollars twins,' indiscriminately. We always have the first dance together. When it is time to go home some nice young man has offered to escort me and I have accepted in my nicest manner. Then, without exception the hostess, who is trying to see that all are properly started for home, will pounce upon me and cry: 'Is Allen taking you home?' I reply, reluctantly, and well knowing what is to come, 'No, John is.'

"The hostess then breathes with relief, her problem solved, and proceeds to rub it in. 'You will not mind my asking John to escort Mary home, will you? You have your twin brother, and you won't care, just this once.'

"No, I don't care, just *once*. I then search for Allen and break into his tête-à-tête with Sally or Jennie with these words: 'Al, you're elected to yank me home again.' He, poor creature, bellows: 'But I've asked Sally.'

"It always ends the same way. I trot along spoiling everything while he takes Sally home, and then he and I go home, feeling untwinny and Sally is chilly toward me for a day or two."

In our own case—Bill's and mine—we never encountered such difficulties. Good old skate, Bill, good looking, too; you can't tell us apart.

We haven't seen as much of each other since I got married and we got into different businesses. The one complication now is that every once in a while a perfect stranger beats me on the back and howls with laughter over the fun "we" had at that "party in Boston." It is in vain I try to convince my wife that it was my twin who attended the party, if there was one, and that I never saw that fellow before in my life.

"Humpf," she says (you married men know how they say it). "It's no use to ask Bill; he'd swear to it, no matter what it is. Why, ridiculous—*anyone* can tell you apart."

I hesitate an instant and then say:

"Can, eh? How about that night in the hallway?"

That always starts a row. You see, before we were married and before anyone knew we were engaged, Molly (that's my wife, now) met me in the hallway one evening and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me twice—and it was Bill all the time.

I didn't like it then—and Molly doesn't like to have it mentioned now.

THE END

Bethel, Maine, had an astonishing pair. When they were eighty-four years of age they could not be told apart.

Pictures by DAVID ROBINSON

"But you haven't got a family," said Miss Hahn. "But a man can think of a family he wants to have," said Mr. Addle, softly.

ROSIE

By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

Take a Jigger of Love; Mix in a Pretty Secretary and Two Infatuated Business Partners; Add 400 Cases of Real Pre-War Stuff, Some Hard-Boiled Gangsters, and a Lot of Diamonds; Season Well with a Girl's Caprices —and This Admirable Story Is the Result!

I.

MISS ESTELLE KUHN, the secretary - stenographer of Addle & Prosser, had deserted them to join, more or less for life, as might happen, in what is frequently called, and sometimes is, holy matrimony, a young male person whom Mr. Prosser called a cake-eater, an eclair hound, and a double nut sundae.

Mr. Prosser not only felt the loss of Miss Kuhn to the firm of Addle & Prosser but he had proposed to her twice himself. This was not known to Mr. Addle, who had proposed only once. That was unknown to Mr. Prosser. They were, to each other, bachelors by choice.

They had been with each other in business fifteen years, as jobbers of miscellany. They were now forty. They were soft. They were ripe pears for the first woman who wanted to knock them down and pick them up.

To fill Miss Kuhn's place they advertised.

Miss Rosie Hahn was the first applicant to call, and she was hired on the spot. She seemed to be between twenty-three and twenty-five. She had not made her hair golden. That was the way she found it. She had a little something to do with the flush of youth on her cheeks, but that little was well done. She had thin lips and a firm chin.

She was intelligent, and in two weeks she knew that Addle and Prosser were sentimental and harmless, that it was a nice place to work, and that she might marry either one of them. She did not know which one she would marry. She did not know which one had the most money. Both were nice, she thought. Whichever one had the larger bank account was the nicer. Mr. Addle and Mr. Prosser had talked about prohibition every day since July 1, 1919. The number of things they tried to say about it increased with the number of days in which they tried to say them.

"Wait till they try to stop the Sunday newspapers," said Mr. Addle. "Then you'll hear a holler."

"Rockefeller bought up the newspapers,"

said Mr. Prosser. "I can't prove it, but I know it."

"The people didn't know what was being done to them. The boys were in Europe. It's sure a joke. I know ten places in three blocks that I can walk in and get a drink."

Miss Hahn, from the time she installed herself at her desk, had heard the conversation of her employers regarding Volstead.

When she felt that she surely had the whip hand over these two amiable, middle-aged bachelors, who, as she knew, yearned to be decently sentimental, she spoke her mind on prohibition.

"I see that Haynes says he's going to make this burg as dry as sucker oil stock," said Mr. Addle, looking up from his newspaper.

"He's a fathead with a fat chance," said Mr. Prosser.

"It's too bad," said Miss Hahn, "that two fine, decent men like you should feel and talk that way about prohibition. Think of the women and children. Saloonkeepers aren't robbing men of their pay envelopes. Men aren't beating their wives and kicking their children. You ought to be glad and help."

Mr. Addle and Mr. Prosser were abashed and had none of their usual retorts.

"I'm glad the saloon's gone," said Mr. Prosser. "If it takes my vote it will never come back."

"It's a very noble way to feel, Mr. Prosser," said Miss Hahn. "I guess I misjudged you. I wish you felt the same way," she added to Mr. Addle.

MR. ADDLE was embarrassed and he was almost angry at Mr. Prosser for turning hypocrite so significantly and then so wickedly grinning at him.

"Miss Hahn," he said, "I don't say I like prohibition, because I don't, and I'll be honest. About the saloon I don't know. Maybe some did harm. Charlie Prosser and I knew a lot of them that we never thought did us any harm."

"That was in the old days," said Mr. Prosser, with a hateful piety, "and it wasn't illegal then."

"We aren't talking about law."

"I am, Max. The law now says it's wrong. We didn't know any better then."

"The law can't make drinking good or bad," said Mr. Addle, getting warm, but still trying to keep honest in spite of Miss Hahn's eyes, which were reproachful. "It can only make it legal or illegal."

"I'm really sorry," said Miss Hahn, "that you should go defending drinking and drunkards and conditions which make women wash for a living and which starve school children. It's all right. This is a free country. Anybody can have an opinion. You can have yours. I can have mine. I'm sure I'd never marry a man who thought there was anything good in drink. A girl owes it to herself not to take any chance like that."

Mr. Addle felt as if the girl had slammed him with a brick, and he was almost grateful to Charlie Prosser for saying: "It's lunch time, Max. We gotta be getting out."

On the way to lunch Mr. Prosser indulged himself in some ironies and Mr. Addle was silent and unhappy.

"I had to laugh," he said, "your trying to square the Bourbon you've got in a warehouse and can't get out."

"I saw you had to laugh," said Max. "It's a wonder you didn't laugh at yourself leaning up against a bar and saying you had no use for the stuff."

"There's no use in contradicting a woman or offending a lady," said Mr. Prosser. "Nobody forced you to say that saloons were all right."

"I didn't say that saloons were all right. I stood up for my principles, and there's no reason why I shouldn't."

"There isn't and you did," said Mr. Prosser.

"I'm going to get rid of that liquor," said Mr. Addle.

"Yes, you are," said Mr. Prosser, derisively. "Give it to the poor."

MR. ADDLE had four hundred cases of Bourbon whisky, purchased before prohibition, in a warehouse, and it was doing nothing there except to drive him distracted. He and Mr. Prosser had many debates over these cases before they were bought.

The States were ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment and Max had a business hunch. Mr. Prosser's idea had been brief. Mr. Addle was a nut. Max had gone into the deal alone.

After lunch Mr. Addle, with his new determination and a new idea, went to call on Mr. Inch Cotton. Mr. Cotton was known as Inch from a favorite remark of his, "Another inch and I'll sock you." From humble beginnings north of the gas works he had raised himself to power. The Governor had pardoned him twice, and there had been four verdicts of not guilty. Mr. Addle knew him well enough to say "hullo" if he met him in a hotel lobby.

Mr. Cotton was hard-boiled. After he had been boiled he had been armor plated. He could have scared Tom Mix up a mountainside. In appearance he was as Lon Chaney tries to look. Mr. Chaney tries it with a thousand faces. Mr. Cotton did it with one.

Mr. Cotton, when Mr. Addle was ushered in to him, was not unpleasant.

"I'VE seen you before," he said. "Didn't we do something for you? It wasn't the Logan Square shooting, was it? No, I remember, we bumped that fellow off for another client. I get these things mixed. I got you now! It was that bomb in Irving Park. Pretty fair memory, after all."

"You haven't done anything for me yet that I know of," said Mr. Addle, timidly.

"What!" said Mr. Cotton. "Not a client?"

"Prospective," said Mr. Addle, conciliatingly. Mr. Cotton frowned.

"Well," he said, "if we haven't done anything for you, what can we do for you?"

Mr. Addle said that his general idea was to be robbed of his liquor, which was in a warehouse.

Mr. Cotton pressed a desk button. A man entered.

"Form 89, Bill," said Mr. Cotton. "Follow this gentleman, Mr. Addle. He'll ask you a few questions and you may leave the rest to us."

"But what are you going to do?" Mr. Addle asked.

"Our method is foolproof," said Mr. Cotton. "We kidnap the client and rob him of his warehouse keys. We overpower the watchmen and give them each a quart and twenty dollars. We take the client to a retired region, throw him out of the car, and leave him hollering for the police. The plausibility is in the simplicity. When would you like to have this done? This afternoon?"

"I hadn't really come to a decision," said Mr. Addle. "I think I was only making inquiries. I'll consider it and let you know."

"People always have to come to a decision when they consult me," said Mr. Cotton. "Say tomorrow morning, we'll pick you up."

"Shouldn't I know more of the details?" Mr. Addle suggested.

"Not necessary," said Mr. Cotton. "It might confuse you. Ignorance of procedure gives the client an appearance of innocence to the police."

Mr. Addle, when he departed, had an idea that he had made an appointment with a skipper to take him to sea in a tub.

Back in his office Mr. Addle pressed the button which caused Miss Hahn to come with her pad.

"Please sit down, Miss Hahn," he said. "This is not dictation, if you please. I wanted to say that I have been very much impressed by what you said about prohibition. I want you to know that I am not a friend of the saloon."

"This is hardly in the line of my duty, Mr. Addle," said Miss Hahn, primly.

"No, it isn't—yet, it is—a person shouldn't

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"Our method is foolproof," said Mr. Cotton. "We kidnap the client and rob him of his warehouse keys."

In two weeks she knew that Addle and Prosser were sentimental and harmless and that she might marry either one of them.

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misjudge a friend if it isn't really necessary."

"Mr. Addle, you are my employer, not my friend."

"Now, Miss Hahn, an employer can be a friend."

Miss Hahn knew that Mr. Addle was harmless and not fresh.

"I'm the kind that wants to be, and I don't want to be misjudged. I want to tell you that I've got four hundred cases of Bourbon liquor in a warehouse, and as soon as I can dispose of it I'm never going to have a thing to do with liquor again. I'm going to dispose of it tomorrow. I'm going to have it taken out and sold."

"You can't do that legally, can you?" Miss Hahn asked, sharply.

"Now, there," said Max, sorrowfully, "and it's my own property. I bought it before prohibition. It's worth sixty thousand dollars."

"Sixty thousand?" Miss Hahn inquired, with some respect.

"All of that. Now a man's got to think of his family," said Max.

"Think of the misery it will bring other families."

"No, you got it wrong," said Max, earnestly. "This is just where a nice man takes a bottle home to his wife and says, 'Dearie, look what I brought you for your party. Shake up a flock of cocktails.' She's awful glad, because she didn't know what to do about it, because it's a hard party with the Joneses and the Smiths. That's the kind of liquor this is. It's worth one hundred thousand dollars to other people, and it's worth sixty thousand dollars to me. A man's got to think of his family."

"But you haven't got a family," said Miss Hahn.

"But a man can think of the family he wants to have," said Mr. Addle, softly.

Mr. Prosser called Miss Hahn later, after Max had left the office early because he wanted rest before the ordeal. She sat down with her pad and was abstractedly interested. He fussed with some papers, but seemed to have no dictation. An ulterior motive was peeping out of the crevices of Mr. Prosser's honest nature.

"I want to tell you about Max Addle, Miss Hahn," he said. "I don't want you to misunderstand him. Max is a regular feller. He's got a good heart. Of course, he doesn't like prohibition. Now, I've taken a drink in my day, but I always hated the traffic."

"I appreciate your telling me," said Miss Hahn. Her eyes said she did, but the expression of her mouth was acid.

"Now, the real trouble with Max Addle," said Mr. Prosser, "is that he has a lot of liquor in a warehouse. There's a lot of money in that whisky—probably one hundred thousand dollars."

"Indeed," said Miss Hahn. "That's quite a lot of money."

"It isn't anything to Max unless he can get it out. So it worries him and makes him cuss prohibition. It's his own fault. He wanted me to go into the deal with him, but I could see there wasn't going to be any way of handling the stuff without violating the law. So I didn't do it."

Again Rosie's baby eyes said "How wonderful!" and the expression about her mouth belied her eyes.

"I believe," she said, "that Mr. Addle hopes to move it tomorrow. He told me he had all the arrangements made. If he does he'll have all that money, won't he?"

Mr. Prosser suddenly felt uncomfortable.

"I think I overstated its value," he said.

"He seemed quite encouraged," said Miss Hahn. "I think he expects to make a lot of money."

Mr. Prosser reflected a moment.

"I don't think it is right," he said.

"For him to make a lot of money?"

"No. For all this whisky to be sold. It's against the law, and it will cause a lot of unhappiness to women and children. You know that. I think it ought to be stopped."

Miss Hahn's eyes continued to say "How wonderful!" but, if anything at all could be made out of what the expression around her mouth said, it was, "That's a lot of money."

"I'll be back in a half hour," said Mr. Prosser, taking his hat.

He returned in twenty minutes.

"I think we are through for the day, Miss Hahn," he said. "I'll tell you. You needn't worry about Max's liquor and the trouble it will cause. I felt it was my duty to tip off the prohibition enforcement officers. They'll be waiting tomorrow to seize it. So it will be confiscated, and Max will be glad when he realizes what he was saved from doing."

It was the first dirty trick Mr. Prosser had played his partner.

II.

MR. ADDLE, when he started forth to be held up, robbed of his warehouse keys, and then kidnaped, carried away, and left screaming for the police and general assistance, was convinced that prohibition was even more iniquitous than he had previously regarded it.

Even a fictitious encounter with such violence was dismaying to him.

He had driven nervously and slowly by the route agreed upon for fifteen minutes, watching every approaching car and wishing he could watch everyone behind him, when he suddenly had a thought and a sensation which made him want to clutch at various parts of his person as if he had a sudden outrush of the hives.

He had forgotten his diamonds. That was what came of forgetting details and leaving things in broad outline to Mr. Cotton. Among the details overlooked were diamonds to the value of about twenty thousand dollars. He was partial to them. They were on his fingers, in his watch, in his scarf. What about a key robbery with these on him? He could have screamed.

He slowed down his car to turn and go back home. Then another car crowded him into the curb and he saw, with a sick shock of astonishment, that a man was on his running board and he felt that a gun was making a sore spot in his ribs. Two other men appeared, and the thing was done with incredible rapidity. Mr. Addle was robbed of his keys. He was dragged out of his own car and into the other. Two men took his and were on their way around a corner. Mr. Addle found himself in the attacking car, in the back seat with a nasty looking man beside him. The nasty looking man had a gun in Mr. Addle's ribs. It surely was going to make another sore spot.

Another man was at the wheel. Mr. Addle thought that if this man's back were any fair indication of his front he did not want him to turn around.

Mr. Addle reflected that these citizens were, in a manner of speaking, his employés, but he did not feel the certitude of an employer.

He was in an uncomfortable position, having been thrown into it, and he started to relax and shift. Immediately he felt the muzzle of the gun go a half inch farther into him.

"It's all right, isn't it?" Mr. Addle asked.

"It may be if you keep your mouth shut and keep still," said the unpleasant person.

Mr. Addle saw that the unpleasant person was looking from one diamond to another.

"I thought everything was understood," he said.

"You don't need to think anything. All you got to do is to keep quiet."

THE man at the wheel drove rapidly on without turning around. The car quickly went out of parts of the city with which Mr. Addle was familiar and came into a sparsely settled region, which, in turn, gave into countryside.

It couldn't be the wrong gang, Mr. Addle reflected. At the first attack all that had been taken from him was his warehouse keys—and his automobile. Mr. Addle knew it must be all right, but another time, if he ever needed Mr. Cotton, he would have him introduce the employés and co-laborers.

He felt reassured, and, without changing the position of his legs and arms, relaxed a little.

"You know Mr. Cotton, of course," he said

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"What's he got on him?" the driver asked. "About twenty carats that I can see," said Mr. Addle's companion.

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to his companion on the back seat. "I ain't moving. I'm just asking."

"Sure, I know him," the man said, grinning.

"It's all right then. I thought it was. Do you mind if I move my right leg? I got a touch of cramp."

"Go ahead."

"That gun's all right, is it?"

"Sure."

"Is it necessary? Nobody's watching us. I can do without it."

"All right," said the unpleasant man, good-naturedly. "Just don't make any funny starts."

He put his gun back in his pocket.

They drove for another half hour. They came to a region which, to Mr. Addle, seemed appallingly lonesome and hostile. There was only one house so far as he could see along the road. He could barely see it, and it was a mean place down the way, half hidden by bushes, trees, and barnyard litter. The driver stopped the car and half turned around. Mr. Addle was right in his rear view conclusions. The person had a face to cause apprehension.

"What's he got on him?" the driver asked.

"About twenty carats that I can see," said Mr. Addle's companion. "That's all laid out in the show case. I haven't been through him."

"We'd better start," said the other, as if it were a chore. "We can throw him out here."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Addle asked, his voice pitched high in indignation and fear.

"What's eating him?" the driver asked. "Doesn't he know he's being kidnaped and robbed? Clean him."

Violent hands were laid upon Mr. Addle, who screamed for help. He was hit over the head with the butt of a revolver, and when he recovered consciousness he was lying in the ditch. When he tried feebly to move he cried out in a spasm of pain. His left leg was broken. He lay in the ditch, calling for help.

MR. ADDLE'S cries were heard by a passing and compassionate motorist, who took him back into the city as rapidly as possible and gave him to the nearest hospital, where he was accepted as a case and lost as an individual. His identity was not discovered until the following morning, when he recovered some interest in himself. He then asked that Miss Rosie Hahn—telephone Wilmot 7313—be apprised of his whereabouts, condition, and prospects.

Miss Hahn was alone in the office. She responded as quickly as she could and was gone two hours. Mr. Prosser was in the office when she returned. She explained her absence by saying that she had been required to take her mother to the dentist. Nothing was said of Mr. Addle until late afternoon.

"Mr. Addle has not been here today," said Miss Hahn, as if it had just come to her attention.

"No, he hasn't," said Mr. Prosser, as if it had just come to *his* attention.

"I wonder if he is sick," said Miss Hahn.

"No, he's all right. He may have been drinking too much again. Then he feels sick, but isn't."

"Those prohibition officers you set on him may have hurt him," Miss Hahn suggested.

"I didn't set them on him and they are not murderers," Mr. Prosser expostulated. "I sent them after the Bourbon. Max was wickedly trying to put that poison in the stomachs of fathers and take away their reason and their money. Max has had a disappointment. I know what he did. He went out and got drunk. He's probably sobering up somewhere."

THIS was the second dirty trick Mr. Prosser had played his loyal associate. The fresh beauty of Miss Hahn was the only excuse for his perfidy.

"Rosie," he said, tenderly—and did not withdraw from the tender intimacy of address, although she, as a proper employé, drew herself into reproachful aloofness—"Rosie, think! it's only Max who's drunk and not all the women and children who would have been on them cases."

"The women and children would not have got drunk on them," said Miss Hahn, acidly correcting him.

"I mean suffering from them," said Mr. Prosser.

"I'll have to take my mother to the dentist again tomorrow morning," said Miss Hahn.

"Take all the time you need. You're quite welcome."

Mr. Prosser didn't want Max to come to any harm except in this instance. Only one of the two could marry Rosie Hahn. Mr. Prosser intended to be that one.

Miss Hahn was not in the office much the next day, and the love-stricken Mr. Prosser yearned for her presence at her desk.

"Mr. Addle not here all day?" Miss Hahn asked when she came in.

"Haven't seen him," said Mr. Prosser, cheerfully.

"Aren't you worried about him?"

"He's all right. This isn't unusual. He'd make a bad husband, though, with these habits. I've often thought of that. Max would be an impossible husband. How's your mother?"

"I'll have to go with her tomorrow."

"That's all right. I miss you, but you owe a duty to your mother. I'll get along."

Miss Hahn was in the office nearly all the day following. She was out nearly an hour longer at lunch time, but except for that and a little lateness in coming to work in the morning her day was almost normal.

Mr. Prosser saw opportunity.

"Rosie," he said, "there's something I want to say to you, to explain to you and to ask you."

"That reminds me," said Miss Hahn. "There's something I ought to tell you. Mr. Addle didn't lose all his whisky."

"No!"

"My brother-in-law is a detective sergeant," said Miss Hahn. "I didn't think you ought to rob Mr. Addle this way."

"Rob!" cried Mr. Prosser. "I wouldn't rob him of a penny."

"Maybe not," said Miss Hahn, "but he was going to lose thousands of dollars. My brother-in-law knows Mr. Cotton."

"What's Mr. Cotton got to do with it?"

"He was moving it and stealing it and keeping your prohibition agents from getting it. My brother-in-law has something on Mr. Cotton. So he got three hundred cases back. He had to let them have a hundred just to preserve good feeling. We sold the three hundred cases to a golf club and we got one hundred and ten dollars a case."

"Rosie," Mr. Prosser exclaimed, "you put this whisky where people could drink it?"

"It was Mr. Addle's property. He didn't lose all his property, and I think that was nice."

"I'm astonished," said Mr. Prosser. "I thought we understood each other on the whisky proposition."

"Oh, I hope Mr. Addle never drinks any more, but this was property."

Mr. Prosser gulped and batted his eyes.

"Well, yes, all right. We'll look at it that way. Now, Rosie, there's something very dear to my heart that I want to tell you."

"Oh, you remind me of something else to tell you," said Miss Hahn. "We got Mr. Addle's diamonds back."

"His diamonds!" Mr. Prosser exclaimed.

"Oh, yes. The prohibition agents you set on him robbed him of his diamonds, but——"

"Rosie, I didn't set any prohibition agents on him. They're not burglars."

"It's all the same," said Miss Hahn, who had a story to which she intended to stick. "He was robbed of his diamonds."

Mr. Prosser was beginning to feel a tinge of futility.

"But I got them back," said Miss Hahn. "My brother-in-law got them back from Mr. Cotton."

"Rosie!"

"Oh, yes. That reminds me to tell you. You mustn't call me Rosie again—not for a long time, until we're much better acquainted. I'm Mrs. Max Addle now."

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Was It a Rebuke?

My little niece, visiting us the other day, spied behind the bathroom door a new clothes hamper, which my mother had just purchased.

"Grandma," she said, "what is that?"

"Why, that's a clothes hamper to keep dirty clothes in," my mother replied. "Hasn't your mother got one?"

"Oh, no! my mother don't keep dirty clothes, she washes them," was her reply.—Mrs. V. O. E., Baltimore, Md.

We'll Say He Was Right!

James, aged five, gave me a long tale about a little girl in kindergarten getting a spanking. Upon its conclusion I said, "Jimmy, are you telling the truth?" to which he replied, "Yes, honest."

I cautioned him not to say "honest" when he knew he wasn't telling facts.

"Well, it isn't a lie," he came back.

"Can you prove it?" I next asked.

"Gee whiz," he said, "I've always got to believe your stuff. It's funny you never have to believe my stuff."—A. A. B., Chicago.

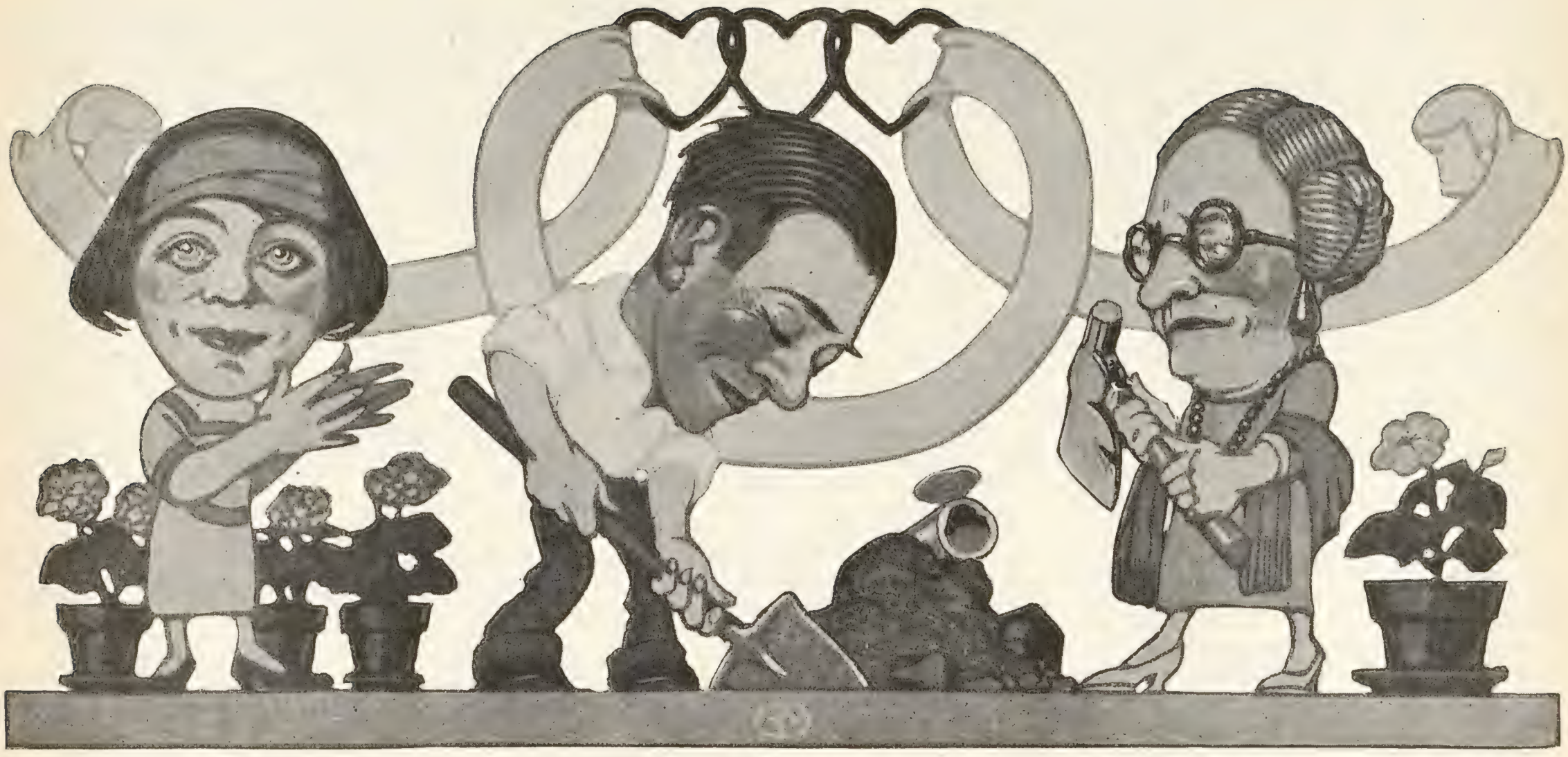
He Picked a New Name

Ronald is an ardent "bugologist" and delights to play with beetles, ants, spiders, etc., to the horror of his mother, who is rather timid. One day he sat holding a "daddy long-legs" by one attenuated feeler while he repeated the query: "Tell me where the cows went—tell me where the cows went."

"Ronald!" exclaimed his mother, "Put down that horrid spider."

"Why, this ain't a spider," said Ronald. "It's a high-legged papa."—A. C. T., Seattle, Wash.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 36



The Mother-in-Law SPEAKS

Here Is a Frank, Helpful Discussion of an Age-Old Problem That May Be a Joke to the Outsider, but Often Verges on Tragedy in the Family Group

By A MOTHER-IN-LAW

Decorations by GUERNSEY MOORE

I KNOW of no sure remedy for the domestic ills which are justly or unjustly traced to the lack of cordiality between the mother-in-law and the husbands and wives of her sons and daughters.

I know of but one agency through which the two warring generations may seek surcease from their strife—*brains*. Entirely too much is taken for granted in this and other situations. A little thinking—p r o l o n g e d, conscientious thinking—will go far toward eliminating almost any mental disorder, and the inability of the mother to get along with the children is a purely mental thing.

Thinking well is not, however, a certain cure for the family disease, but it is bound at least to relieve. I have two daughters-in-law and one son-in-law. Maybe I am the victim of a fond delusion, but I do not believe the wives of my sons and the husband of my daughter are unkindly disposed toward me. I don't give them very many chances and therein I may have found the solvent for the sand the domestic machinery accumulates.

My own mother-in-law was a splendid woman, untiring in her work for her children (almost too much so), and intelligently fair in her attitude toward me who took her first born from her. I learned much from observing her, not that she had devoted considerable thought to the mother-in-law problem as such, but because she was an extraordinarily intelligent woman with a background of sound education.

She had the power to speak her mind without offense and she had a stern sense of justice which, I believe, is lacking in the average mother. I do not wish to offend in that last statement; I desire merely to say that the average mother is a creature of prejudices, and, say what she may, the fact remains that she is prejudiced in favor of her own, which is no inconsiderable count in the indictment so many sons-in-law and daughters-in-law bring against her.

I HAVE not made a scientific study of the mother-in-law problem, which is probably quite as well, inasmuch as to apply scientific rule and precept to anything so purely human would confuse, if not frustrate. But I am a member of a society of women three-fourths of whom are mothers-in-law. These women meet once a week. They are garrulous, as women are apt to be. Their discussions become more or less intimate as they come to know each other. They can set forth their family tribulations and play bridge at the same time without seriously lessening their native ability in either pastime.

Moreover, they are wholly bourgois in their mental processes, which makes their views all the more valuable. There is a certain fundamental sameness about their problems (they call them problems and so shall I) and this helps.

I discover that the majority of these women unfortunately have approached their children-in-law with large illuminated chips on their shoulders. I am unable to say just why this is so, but such obviously is the fact. It is due in a certain degree to the prevailing opinion that the mother-in-law is by common consent a threat cloud in the matrimonial sky.

That most hideously unjust brand of humor in which the mother-in-law joke is included is more than slightly responsible for our woes. As humor it falls short, but as a bar to conjugal felicity it is long, wide, and high. The better class theaters have outlawed it and intelligent people applaud the managements thus banishing it. I am rather bitter in my denunciation of the mother-in-law joke, not because it has affected my life, but because the miserable thing has done so much harm.

It is almost a tradition (the worst type of tradition, by the way) that the mother of one's wife or husband is by nature one's evil genius. Now, as a matter of fact, more than ninety-nine per cent of all mothers desire nothing so much as to see their children happy. But, as I have said, the majority of them approach their children-in-law with a mental attitude which

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makes amicable relations pretty difficult. In substance they will think:

"I am now a mother-in-law and as such am going to have trouble with John's wife. She is *not* going to like me, although I'm going to do everything in the world to be helpful and kind. I do hope she will be reasonable about this thing. He's *her* husband, but he's still *my* son, too, and she needn't think that I'm going to remove myself from his life entirely."

MY son-in-law is a lawyer and I have heard him tell of a police court magistrate, now dead, who was dreaded more than any other judge. A young woman who had made something of a study of criminology sat in his court one day and when he had finished crowding the county jail with the unfortunates who had come before him she tried to give the magistrate her advanced ideas about the more scientific treatment of prisoners.

"Some of these men and women may have been quite innocent, you know," she said.

"Then," said he, "if you'll pardon me, what in heaven's name were they doing here?"

The average mother-in-law thinks along the same lines of preconception as did this judge. The average daughter-in-law does likewise.

"But," you say to the young married woman, "she may have the very best intentions. She may love you as she loves her own children. You two may get along beautifully."

"Huh," she replies, "I guess you and I are talking about different persons. *I'm* talking about my mother-in-law."

This situation is unhappily too common. Reversing the situation, you hear the young man tell his mother that he is about to marry a paragon of all the worth-while virtues.

"I'm *sure* you'll love her, mother," he says. "I want you to look at her as though she were your own daughter. I'm sure she'll love *you*."

"I hope so," replies his mother, answering his last declaration first. "I'm sure we'll get along. It won't be *my* fault if we don't."

Here you have the commonest phases of the problem. The son, rather fearful that his mother will not like his wife, overdoes it. He expresses the latent suspicion in his mother's mind. His mother approaches the situation with doubt. The girl he marries is being introduced into a strange circle of thought, of customs, and she goes with her guard up.

Nothing but common sense will serve in this situation. If all parties to the affair will meet on a common ground, possible conflict will be minimized if not wholly avoided. I should like to be able to say that half the reason for unpleasantries which may ensue are to be credited to the daughter-in-law, but I can't, in justice to the truth.

Generally speaking, the bulk of the blame must be laid at the door of the mother-in-law. She is the one who suffers the sense of loss. She is losing a son who represents to her a combination of good things—financial support, moral support, and the man mind. This is especially true if she is a dependent widow, and even more so if he is her only son.

Therefore, whether she realizes it or not, she views the girl as an interloper. She would not stand in the way of her son's happiness, at least she thinks she wouldn't. She wouldn't for the world be the reason for his permanent bachelorhood; at least, she thinks she wouldn't. But she *is* resentful, be it ever so little. She is being asked to do something no woman enjoys—share a man.

I'm putting this brutally and, of course, there will be much dissent from my views. Still I shall not yield. I have, in so far as my mental powers have allowed me, studied other mothers-in-law and my own children-in-law. I have even discussed the mother-in-law problem with my daughter-in-law and my son-in-law, and we have benefited.

In these discussions we have gone so far as to enumerate the causes of dissension. We have agreed that the cardinal reason for this sort of strife is jealousy and that this jealousy takes numerous forms and degrees.

Then there is that refusal of the mother-in-law to adapt herself to new conditions. It is equally true that the new wife or husband is quite as reluctant to bend her or his will to the new environment, but it is my contention that it is the mother-in-law's duty to do the bulk of this revision. She becomes the outsider, the prospective interloper.

She must remember that she is a member only by sufferance of the newly formed family circle. She has had her family; has raised her sons and daughters, and now it is for them to do likewise. She has fulfilled her main mission in life and becomes a spectator rather than an actor in the drama.

She is no longer the manager of her children's home. That is the most difficult thing for a mother-in-law to realize.

IT is often not only desirable but imperative that the married children—or at least one of them—have the mother-in-law live with them. She is, in the first and last analysis, the mother, and the love her children bore her, while changed in its singleness, must still be strong. Otherwise the child is unnatural.

If she is taken into the home because she is unable to support herself or has been left with no income she is in a more or less unenviable position. But, even if she is the partial, or perhaps main, support of her married children and their sons and daughters, she must realize she may not interfere with them or seek to rule them any more than if she were the person needing financial aid.

This is the most difficult situation of all and requires an almost superhuman amount of forbearance and tact. For example, the daughter marries a man whose income is insufficient to support her. The wise mother, realizing what is about to transpire, will talk to her daughter about the immediate future without forgetting that she is playing with the most dangerous of all fire—love.

The mother must remind her daughter that the man's income is limited and ask her gently what they purpose doing. If a girl has any pride at all she will display it then, and she is accordingly more sensitive than she has ever been. She will say, nine times out of ten, that she and her fiancé "will get along somehow."

She doesn't quite appreciate what she is saying, because she is in love, and she hasn't a very definite idea how much money is necessary to finance this "getting along." Her mother, if wise, will then point out to her the chances of friction if she remains under the maternal roof with her husband. The chances of friction are greater, of course, if it is a son about to get married on a small income. The mother's chances of doing well with a son-in-law in her own home are measurably better than they would be with a daughter-in-law. This is entirely natural, as he, of course, is away most of the day.

So the mother generously opens her doors to the daughter's husband. She, being wholly human—the mother—is inclined to the opinion that, it being her house, she is entitled to do some of the directing. She is right in this and I should think little of the woman who meekly surrendered under such circumstances.

But can't you see where the average establishment of this sort is headed? The mother is not going to forget that here is a man who is incapable of supporting a family. She is of an older generation. She is no longer the bundle of illusions she was at twenty-two and her daughter is now. She is a practical person who has gone all through the rigors of making a dollar behave like one hundred cents. Her mind is in the kitchen and the nursery; her daughter's mind is still in the parlor.

We shall assume that the son-in-law has the proper amount of pride, but that he is one of those nonproducing men whose income refuses to increase. He is in constant danger of arousing first the pity and then the contempt of the women—the mother's first and later his wife's. Can't you see the grim possibilities? The poor fellow is in danger of losing his own self-respect. Eventually he will have to take what is handed to him and like it.

THIS, you may say, is putting the most pessimistic construction on the situation, but why not? There is no problem under ideal conditions. The only thing to do in this case if congeniality is the main consideration and the element most desired, is for the mother to back off into a corner, and say, in effect:

"Here, children, take what I have. I am through. All that I need is this corner. All that I need is a little food and shelter. I resign in your favor. I give my house to you, and you may do with it what you choose."

But where is there such a woman? And what would you think of her if you did find her? After all, we are but human, aren't we?

You who have read my opinions on the mother-in-law problem may jeer, saying I am absurdly cold and calculating. But it is my experience that it is a problem to be tackled in a cold, calculating frame of mind if you sincerely hope for the most desirable results.

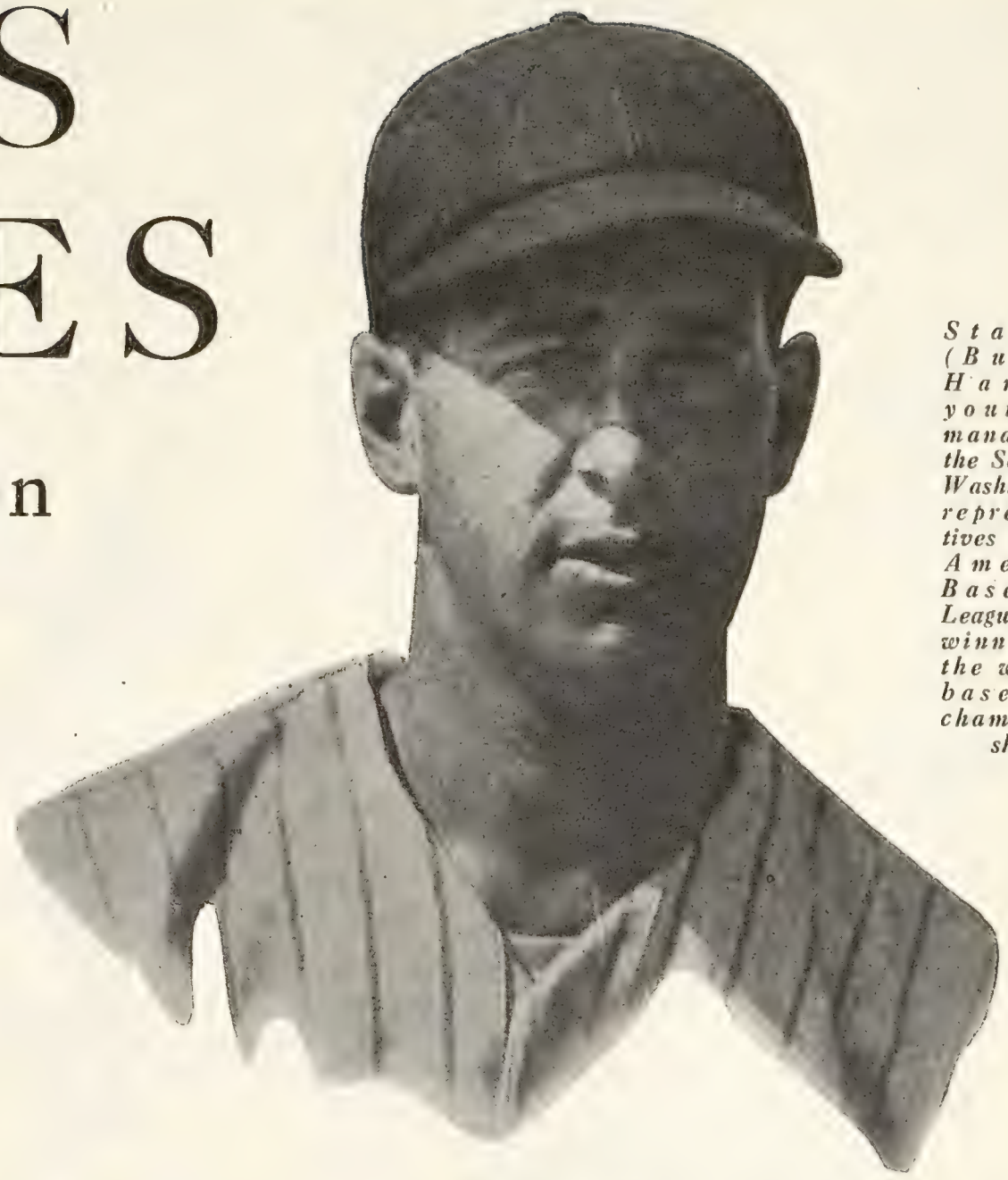
Let me repeat this: once a woman becomes a mother-in-law she must realize that she is no longer playing a leading part in the affairs of her married child. Henceforth she is just one of the audience, whose applause must not be vociferous nor her silence condemnatory. The sooner she learns that the young folks must work out their own salvation, the sooner she will be that rare but contented woman—the happy mother-in-law.

THE END

HARRIS ARRIVES

By Hugh Fullerton

Second Installment of the Inspiring Story of Stanley (Bucky) Harris, Who Started Out as a Breaker Boy in a Coal Mine and Is Now General of the Washington Baseball Club, Which, Under Him, Won the World's Championship.



Stanley (Bucky) Harris, youthful manager of the Senators, Washington's representatives in the American Baseball League, and winners of the world's baseball championship.

BASEBALL managers and club owners, older players, and many fans complain of one condition in the professional game today; that is that the supply of good young players is insufficient to maintain the high standard of the game.

Ball players who have worked their way up say the principal cause of this shortage is that so many young players are "ruined" in the minor leagues by being released and sent back to smaller clubs. Each spring a hundred or more youngsters are brought up from the smaller leagues, tried, and sent back—and less than twenty per cent of them ever get back to the big leagues.

Bucky Harris, the youthful manager of the World's Champion Washington team ought to be a living object lesson to those fellows—and should prove to them that it is not the releasing and sending back that ruins players, but that it is their own faint-heartedness. When Bucky made his start as a professional baseball player he encountered enough discouragements to have made almost any youngster grow discouraged and consider himself a failure. But Bucky was developing the quality of stick-to-it-iveness and the fighting spirit which won the sensational world's championship for the Senators. He refused to be stopped, and he refused to surrender to circumstances or to ill luck.

Washington won the American League pennant last fall in a game which showed better than anything else Harris' spirit and grit which have inspired him from the start. The game which really decided the issue was played in St. Louis on the last western trip. There had been heavy rains and the start was delayed until very late; even then it was evident a full game could not be played.

Washington started with a rush, piled up a big lead, and, with darkness approaching, victory seemed assured. St. Louis went to bat in the sixth inning. Two were out and a man on first when a batter made a base hit.

They Kicked Me Around

By

STANLEY HARRIS

THE event in my life that did me the most good was getting fired. I came near making a discharge record in 1916, being chased off team after team, and released twice by the same team. That developed me.

Those setbacks are good for anyone—if they take them right. If things always come smoothly and easily, neither a ball player nor a fellow in any other line is going to develop to his best.

A little kicking around brings out what is in a man. If he gets discouraged and yells about his hard luck he merely proves that the boss was right in firing him. It may seem hard luck at the time to lose a position, but I think being kicked off the Muskegon (Michigan) team was the best thing that ever happened to me, because it made me grit my teeth and determine to "show them."

Washington makes infield plays in a manner different from most teams. The ball is not thrown directly to a base; instead the outfielders whip it fast to Harris, who is a powerful and accurate thrower and who can pivot quickly and fire to the desired base.

The Brown runner on first tried to go to third. The ball was thrown quickly to Harris, who whirled and shot to Peck, who was covering third. Peck worked the old gag of standing motionless, as if the ball was not coming, and he tricked the runner into easing up and coming to the base standing instead of sliding. At the last moment Peck grabbed the ball and tagged the surprised runner two feet from the base. The umpire also was fooled. He missed the play entirely—and instead of ending the inning, two runners were on bases.

The next batter singled, and "Baby Doll" Jacobson hit a home run. The bad decision had given St. Louis four runs and the lead. Darkness was coming fast, and it appeared as though Washington's pennant hopes were dashed.

Harris never wavered. He trotted in, patted "Goose" Goslin on the back, and said:

"Heads up, Goose! Hit that first one over the fence."

Goslin did that thing. He hit the ball out of the park, tied the score, and, in the gathering darkness Washington won the game in the seventh inning and held the Browns in their half.

THAT has been Harris' spirit ever since he broke into baseball. He had been playing professional basketball and semipro baseball around eastern Pennsylvania and New York, and in 1916 decided to try to become a professional player. Hughie Jennings, who had played ball with Tom Harris, Bucky's father, was managing Detroit. Harris' friends persuaded Jennings to give the fast, fighting youngster a chance with the Detroit team. There was scarcely a chance for a youngster to break into that infield, but Harris tried and showed a lot of fight and hustle; so much, in fact, that some of the players thought Jennings made a mistake when he sent Harris to Muskegon, Michigan, for further seasoning. Harris does not think so, even now.

"Babe" Meyers was managing the Muskegon team and was not impressed by Harris' work. The youngster was ambitious, fighting, trying hard, and was popular with the crowds because he always was hustling and was always in the game. He was not a finished

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player and did not hit much. Meyers decided to release Harris.

Some Muskegon fans had become admirers of the lad and protested against having him sent away. While Harris was waiting to hear from Jennings where he would be sent next, Meyers relented and signed him up to another contract. Harris jumped back into the infield and battled for his place on the team. The battle was vain. He was again released, but being kicked off the same team twice, instead of discouraging him, made Harris more determined to make good.

Harris returned home, acknowledged he had failed to make good, but was not discouraged. If he ever had any inclination toward "swell-headedness" (which he never appears to have had), he was cured. He realized two things—first, that he must improve his batting, and second, that he was weak on high fly balls. It is a wise ball player who realizes his weaknesses. Harris started to learn to catch high fly balls, practicing hours chasing flies.

Art Devlin, the famous old Giant third baseman, was managing the team at Norfolk, Virginia, and Harris secured a job playing shortstop for him. He proved a corking shortstop. In fact, Harris was, and is, a better shortstop than he is a second baseman. The Virginia League was not doing well, and the club suspended.

Harris returned home again—with little more than experience. He had learned a lot—and he had worked under the right kind of men. In fact, Harris counts the fact that the managers he played under were men of high class as having been one of the important events of his career.

HE was playing basketball, first as a forward, then as a guard, on his home town team at Pittston, Pennsylvania, which was one of the best basketball teams in that region. Harris does not claim credit for this. In fact, he claims very little credit to himself for anything. The fact is that Pittston benefited greatly by conditions. The basketball league had a peculiar arrangement known as the "three pro" plan. No team could employ more than three professionals—the two other players being town boys. In Pittston the town boys were Stanley and his brother Merle. While not rated as professionals in basketball, they really ranked with the "pros," which gave the team five top notch players.

With this country on the verge of entering the war, baseball was dull, and Harris was "all dressed up with no place to go." It happened that George Wiltse, the great left hander who had won fame with the Giants, was managing the Reading, Pennsylvania, team, and needed an infielder. Wiltse had known of Merle Harris. Conditions in that league were not good. The war was coming on fast, the draft was impending, and there was little interest in baseball. Add another condition—Merle Harris had married and was determined not to turn professional but to stay at home and attend to business. Wiltse wired Merle Harris an offer to play with his team. Stan took the telegram and reported.

He made good. The Reading team was unable to carry on because of the war; Wiltse went to manage the Buffalo club, as the International League was trying to continue despite the war, and he took Harris with him.

HARRIS, not yet twenty, was registered for the draft and waiting his call, and at the end of the shortened season of 1918 at Buffalo he went to a shipyard team. Hardly had he started than he was called in the draft and ordered to report at Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Young Bucky Harris shows how he picked up grounders while playing the infield in the Pittston Junction team of the Pittston Suburban League. He was then eighteen years old. (In the oval) Bucky Harris as guard of the Pittston Independents, a professional basketball club. Merle Harris, his brother; Garry Schmeelk, Jack Noll and the late "Hobby" Fyfe were teammates of Bucky.

Harris' career as a soldier was short. Harris says before he could get a uniform that would fit him the war was called off. He rather regretted that, for he was organizing a corking basketball team and planning a baseball team for the next spring when the armistice was signed. He was released from military service and went back to Buffalo in the spring of 1919.

It was while he was on the shipyard team that the "Old Fox," Clark Griffith, saw him play ball. Griffith, who was a great pitcher in his time, perhaps one of the greatest, is a keen student of ball players and a man of original ideas. Griff never is satisfied with anything until he knows it inside and out.

Griff went twice to watch the boy play ball. He discovered that John McGraw had turned Harris down and that Connie Mack, manager of the Athletics, had decreed that he was not of major league caliber. But something about the way the boy worked and fought impressed Griffith.

There is a lesson for lads in this: what most impressed Griffith was that the boy ran out every play at top speed and that he fought just as hard with the score ten to nothing against him in the ninth inning as he did in the first.

Griffith sent Joe Engle, his scout, to Buffalo to watch Harris. Joe reported that while he liked some things about Harris' play he could not decide, so he wanted Griffith to look the boy over again.

Griffith went to Buffalo. He noticed that Harris was gripping a bat wrong, that he was throwing in an odd manner. In fact, he appeared to be a bad thrower. Griff figured that something was wrong, so he went down and sat on the bench, watching the boy.

Griff is an odd sort of a character, a thinker and an analyst. He has a record in baseball of never having lost an argument, and few even have tied him. He is inquisitive and wants to know the reason for everything. There was something wrong with Harris' work—so Griff determined to know what it was.

He discovered that the first two fingers on Harris' throwing hand were taped together. He did not bother to introduce himself but grabbed Harris' hand and examined the fingers. One was swollen at the end like a radish.

"How long have you been playing with that?" Griff asked.

"Week or so," Harris responded.

GRIFFITH had refused to pay five thousand dollars to try the boy—but he went right out and bought him that night, paying a big price. Being an old timer, he appreciated a boy who stuck in the game with such injuries.

Harris played two weeks in Washington, but not very well. The finger showed no signs of improving, and Griffith sent the boy to his doctor, who reported that Harris' finger was broken and in a bad way and that he would have to lay off the rest of the season. Griffith told Harris about it and the boy kicked.

"I'm not going to lay off," he said. "If I don't play down here I lose my chance of making good in the big leagues."

"You've made good with me already," Griff replied. "You go and get that finger in shape and be ready to run this infield next spring."

Harris had arrived.

The third and final installment of this interesting and inspirational narrative of the young leader of the World's Champion baseball team will appear in next week's issue.

Of course there would be those who would run to the boss with all sorts of absurd complaints and the big chief's life would be made a horror.

Going Over *the* Boss' Head

Is an Employee Ever Justified in Passing His Immediate Superior to Lay Complaints and Suggestions Before One Higher Up? Here's a Problem Which Almost Everyone in Business Is Called Upon to Solve.

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Picture by J. J. GOULD

BILL DRAKE took the five-twenty-three as usual for Newton Manor, but instead of the buoyant, sure-mannered, confident Bill whom his associates regarded as one of the stars of the sales department of the Brog-Flaherty Corporation, he was grim-faced and a little vague in his greetings. Also there was something of incredulous surprise in his eyes—the sort of look you see on the face of a champion suddenly and violently dethroned by an erstwhile despised opponent.

Before any of us had said more than hello to Bill it was obvious that Bill had received a terrific jolt somewhere, somehow. And all of us were rather reluctant to ask the pressing question.

Perhaps Bill could see in my somewhat stiffish efforts at casual conversation that I had noticed his unusual demeanor and manner. I had held off asking questions because I was rather apprehensive that something had gone wrong at home—something had happened to Helen or the children—and Bill, being far from obtuse under any condition, grinned sheepishly and said:

"Do I look as though I'd just got a good beating?"

"Well, it's clear to me that something's happened to you," I replied.

"It has," sighed Bill, now a little more like himself. "I quit the Brog-Flaherty people this afternoon."

So that was it. Somewhat startling news, too, because of all the crowd of us commuters from and to Newton Manor (and several of us were doing pretty well), Bill had been regarded as the surest to make good on an impressive scale.

He had gone with Brog-Flaherty immediately after having been graduated from State College, and almost from the start he had been a star. His rise from the shops to the sales force had been rapid. Colonel Flaherty, in his speech at the recent employés' dinner, had mentioned Bill Drake's name first in the list of the youngsters who were, in his opinion, sure to go far in machinery manufacture.

"I *say* I quit," went on Bill, "but I might as well be honest about it; I quit because I had to. Nettleson forced me to it."

John Nettleson was the head of the sales de-

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partment for the Brog-Flaherty Corporation.

"It's been coming for six months," said Bill. "It came to a head this afternoon when Nettleson took my territory away from me and assigned me to the old southern area where I started when I went into selling. The southern field is our poorest. Everybody, including the Colonel and Nettleson, knows that we don't cater to that trade.

"It's the cub's field. Every tyro salesman gets the South to break in on. Nobody expects him to do much there; just a training ground. As a matter of fact, I sold fifty per cent more stuff there when I was breaking in than anyone had before or since.

"So I took the broad hint today when Nettleson told me that I was not selling the metropolitan trade any more, but should get ready to take the south again. So I quit."

"Maybe," I ventured, "your old success in the South is responsible. Maybe they are going after the trade there. Did you see the Colonel before you left?"

Bill shook his head, smiling cynically. "No, Joe. There's nothing to that I've only given you the outline. You don't know the situation as I do. No, Nettleson wanted just what he got—my resignation. In time he would have requested it, anyway."

IN a day or two I got the facts. Colonel Flaherty never permitted personalities to interfere with efficiency. The Colonel, as much as he liked Bill, would have upheld Nettleson. It all came about because Bill *had gone over Nettleson's head* six or seven months back and had laid a certain plan of sales campaign before Early, vice-president of the Brog-Flaherty Corporation.

Early, after listening to Bill and nodding approvingly, had turned the plan back to Nettleson, who, because he had to, had given it a single trial. It had fallen short of Bill's enthusiastic predictions (it had been tried out in the South), and then discarded.

Bill had begged them to give it a try-out on more fertile ground, but Nettleson refused, and in addition, had sent a somewhat unnecessarily feeling report to Early saying that the plan was not only unavailable but had cost the corporation ten thousand dollars without producing a dollar return.

And that was that.

"It's been apparent to me," Bill told me, "that Nettleson has been after me ever since. I've been guilty of the foolish crime of *going over my boss' head,* and bosses don't like that."

The facts set forth above are those of an actual case. The names, to be sure, are assumed. Bill Drake's resignation is not put forward here because of its unusual nor original cast. The same thing has happened thousands of times. Perhaps Bill was wrong. It is possible, of course, that Nettleson was wholly justified in pinching him out. Maybe Bill had become a trifle too impressed by himself and his brightness. After all, Nettleson is one of the best sales directors in the country; he made the Brog-Flaherty sales force the mighty thing it is. Also old Colonel Flaherty is no fool; he is not paying Nettleson forty thousand dollars a year for nothing, you know.

But Bill is young and zealous—maybe a little too zealous. Or, at least, maybe some of that zeal runs wild now and then. Perhaps he wanted to travel faster. There are two sides to every known story. Anyway, Bill lost the decision. Moreover, it is his affair, and we'll let it go at that.

But Liberty was so impressed by what happened to Bill that it set out to interview a few big business men to get their views on the subject of *Going Over the Boss' Head*—whether it was ever justified and when and under what circumstances.

SO Liberty sent out a reporter with a set of questions comprehensively covering the problem. The questions were as follows:

1. Is it your belief that the subordinate is ever justified in carrying either complaints or suggestions over his immediate boss' head, even as far as the head of the concern?

2. Under what circumstances?

3. As a practice would it be conducive to discipline or injurious?

4. Would the head of the business benefit by such procedure in that he would be informed thereby of the progressiveness or unfairness of the departmental head?

Of course, these four questions were not inspired wholly by Bill Drake's case. There was another instance of going over the boss' head—a quite different one—of which James Nevin, now foreman of the paint shops for one of the important motor car corporations in Detroit, was the triumphant hero.

Nevin had two kicks. One had to do with the sanitation in the paint shops. The other was against the composition of the paint being used. It was Nevin's contention that a better and more durable paint might be had without additional expense, that it was only a matter of mixing, and that every man in the shops agreed with him.

He put the matter up to the head of the department, who told him that if he didn't care to handle the material furnished him he could leave and get another job whenever he felt like it.

"I have the men in mind as well as myself," explained Nevin to his boss. "The stuff we're using now is as bad as mustard gas. Several of the men have keeled over after using it all day, and the majority of us have headaches at night."

"The way you talk," snapped the boss, "makes it clear to me that all your head's good for anyway is to have a headache with."

Nevin, not being built that way, didn't tell the boss what he thought of him and follow that by quitting. And his boss didn't fire him. But Nevin went to the vice president in charge of production, who made a personal investigation with the result that Nevin's two contentions were approved. The sanitation was improved and the paint formula changed.

"The boss of the paint shops tried to get me after that," said Nevin. "He made it almost impossible for me to work there. He put me to work on a shift which went on duty at four in the morning. He found constant fault with my work. We had a show-down, and *he* quit. I've got his job."

So that's *another* development of the subject.

THE questions were presented to the late James B. Forgan, chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Chicago. To the first, Mr. Forgan replied:

"Not under ordinary circumstances."

"Well, then, under what circumstances?" he was asked.

"An employé, under exceptional circumstances of gross injustice to himself," he replied, "if he is convinced that a condition detrimental to the interest of the business continues to exist in the department in which he works after the attention of his immediate boss has been drawn to it, and after allowing reasonable time for action, might in either case appeal directly to his employer."

"As a practice would it be conducive to discipline or injurious?"

"It should not be allowed to become a practice," the banker replied. "Under such a practice a system of delatorship would prevail, than which nothing is more injurious to discipline."

As for the benefits, if any, accruing to the head of the business, Mr. Forgan said:

"Under such extraordinary circumstances as I set forth in answer to your second question, the information, if authentic and if given for a proper purpose, might prove beneficial to the head of the business.

"There is, however, nothing more detrimental to the progress of an individual than the development of a jealous, grouchy, fault-finding disposition, which sooner or later will prove destructive to the interests of both the one who develops it and to the concern which employs him."

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, was asked for his views. He made short work of the questions.

"Is it your belief," he was asked, "that the subordinate is ever justified in carrying either complaints or suggestions over his boss' head?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Davis. "And as for your second question, I say that the employé should go to the executive and ask that he and his boss be heard together and the subject be discussed fully among the three."

"As a practice would it be conducive to discipline or injurious?"

"I believe it would be conducive to good

DESERT LOVE IS RATHER CHILLY!

MARGUERITE E. HARRISON has been investigating the sheik. Spending most of her time traveling in out-of-the-way corners of the earth, she has yielded to a disturbing desire to tell the world what this romantic overlord of the open spaces really is like.

Is he the sleek lover pictured on the screen by the ineffable Valentino? Would the present-day sheba fall for him as enthusiastically in real life as she does in the dim recesses of the movie palaces? Well—you'll be surprised. For example, what would you think of a sheik in a flivver? You'll encounter a number of such astonishments in Mrs. Harrison's sprightly exposé in next week's Liberty. She calls it

The Sheiks of the Desert Grow Cold

discipline. If the boss has the right to complain, why shouldn't the man complained against be heard?"

And to the last of the questions Mr. Davis gave a quick "Yes."

CHARLES E. MITCHELL, president of the National City Bank of New York, listened attentively to the four questions and then comprehensively answered them as a group.

"I believe," he said, "that in any organization the best results will be obtained if every employé is given an understanding of the aims his company is trying to attain, and then given every opportunity to contribute his part to the accomplishment of those aims; and, further, that the system of organization should be such that suggestions especially, but complaints as well, of the individual can be freely aired and easily brought to the attention of the executives—in other words, that the light of administration may come from below as well as from above.

"One has but to study the history of the employés' committee development to know that under careful control such a plan can be beneficial and need not be injurious to discipline. Few attempts have been made to apply this plan to a white-collar organization, but in the National City Bank of New York we just instituted a modification of the employés' committee plan through the election of a conference committee composed of an even number of officers appointed by the president and members of the staff elected by their own number and revolving in office, the duties of which committee are to receive and consider suggestions and complaints made by members of the staff or groups thereof, the findings of the committee to be reported to and acted upon by the president.

"The plan is in its experimental stages, but I am hopeful that it will result in the more rapid development of the individual, in the increase in efficiency of the institution, and in the betterment of working conditions, spirit, and morale."

E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, replied to the first and second questions as one. He said:

"It is not necessary in the interests of either employer or employé for a subordinate to have free and direct access to other than his immediate superior in carrying a complaint to the management or a higher officer.

"It is a well established and generally recognized practice in the organization of this company that an employé has the right to carry his complaint to the highest designated officer through a stipulated channel beginning with his immediate superior.

"In amplification of this remark I may say if the matter under discussion is not settled to the satisfaction of the subordinate he may carry it forward to the next officer in the department concerned, proceeding, if necessary, to the senior officer of the department until a decision finally is reached.

"Suggestions having to do with the promotion of efficiency or improvement may be forwarded direct to a suggestion bureau. Suggestions so received are treated confidentially and are noted with regard to the future progress of the employé.

"By following the foregoing procedure it has been our experience that a spirit of fair dealing is maintained, while at the same time discipline and morale are preserved."

"Would it be conducive to discipline or injurious as a practice?" he was asked.

"Indiscriminate delivery of grievances or suggestions to senior officers without regard to the immediate superior would be injurious to discipline in a large organization."

And to Liberty's fourth question Mr. Beatty replied:

"It would obviously be impossible for the head of an organization comprising thousands of individuals to receive directly, and deal with, communications from each person who might be inclined to communicate with him. His personal observation and reports indicate to him the degree of progressiveness and fairness that exists in his organization."

IT was at this point that the reporter decided to try the questions on an employé or two. The only difficulty entailed was that the employés were less willing to brave publicity. One of them, a salesman in the Lord & Taylor department store, in New York City, said:

"I have very decided opinions on all of your questions, but I'd hate to have my employers know them just at present."

"Why? Are they opposed to the idea?"

"No, I don't think so," he replied. "They are extremely fair and our treatment is of the sort we would nominate for ourselves were we to draw up a code of working conditions. Nevertheless, I wouldn't feel exactly comfortable if my immediate superior were to have my viewpoint on the subject to mull over.

"Naturally I believe that I should have the right to go straight to the front with either a complaint or a suggestion if I think, and can produce reasons for so thinking, that my boss is inefficient, unfair, or unreceptive to progressive suggestions.

"I readily subscribe to the idea that indiscriminate use of such prerogative would be a nuisance, but I know of men who have gone to their department managers with what were to them very sincere suggestions, only to be told to get back on the job and forget it. In fact, I know of an instance (not in our store) where a man who said that he *thought* it might be a good plan to make another disposition of salesmen was told by his immediate boss that *he wasn't paid for thinking.*

"THIS department head thought he was being humorous. Wisely administered, such a practice would be conducive to discipline, because it would increase morale by giving the employé a sense of being a recognized entity and not a mere deckhand.

"The head of the business couldn't help but benefit. Naturally one man could not continually be at the beck and call of thousands or even hundreds of employés. Of course, there would be those who would run to the boss with all sorts of absurd complaints and the big chief's life would be made a horror. But there could be a clearing house for voices from the rank and file.

"In the store where I work we are encouraged to submit constructive ideas, and, as it should be, a man with real ideas is given every opportunity to make good. But that is not quite enough. There should be, in all businesses, a larger opportunity for the employé to share not only in the profits but in the direction of the enterprise. And it is clear to most of us that such a situation is rapidly coming about."

Two or three other employés were interviewed, and all of them subscribed to the opinions of the one quoted. And all of them shied, for the same reason as that advanced by the department store salesman, at publicity. Nor were they alone in that. Two employers said boldly that they were in sympathy with "any workable plan which would give the employés freer access to them."

"But," cried one of these, "for heaven's sake don't quote me as saying so, because what with one thing and another I have enough troubles of my own just now and am fighting shy of those of others."

"Me, too," said the other employer.

THE END

VARIETIES

MORE WAYS THAN ONE

By Guy Lee

For months and months I tried in vain
To put across a pond a pellet;
My failure was an awful strain;
It made me vicious just to tell it.
But once upon a happy day
A method struck me to confound it;
The water had me licked, but, say!
I licked it when I shot around it.

When you are up against a wall,
To bang your head on it is foolish;
You won't get anywhere at all
By keeping up your manner mulish.
So if you're stopped, don't waste your strength
And on a futile effort pound it,
But stretch your step a longer length
And find a way to shoot around it.

SALESMANSHIP

A prospective customer entered a second-hand clothing store and asked to be shown the latest in summer styles. The salesman draped him in a suit that made him look like an accordion when collapsed and touched him in only two or three places at the high spots.

The energetic salesman persisted that the suit was a perfect fit in spite of the introductory testimony of the mirror. The reluctant customer refused to be convinced.

"Walk around the block and see how it feels," said the salesman.

The customer walked around the block and came back to the store. The salesman rushed up to him and said: "What can I sell you today?"

The customer replied, "I am just trying on this suit."

The salesman said, "Vell, vell, you look so good I didn't know you."

BOY

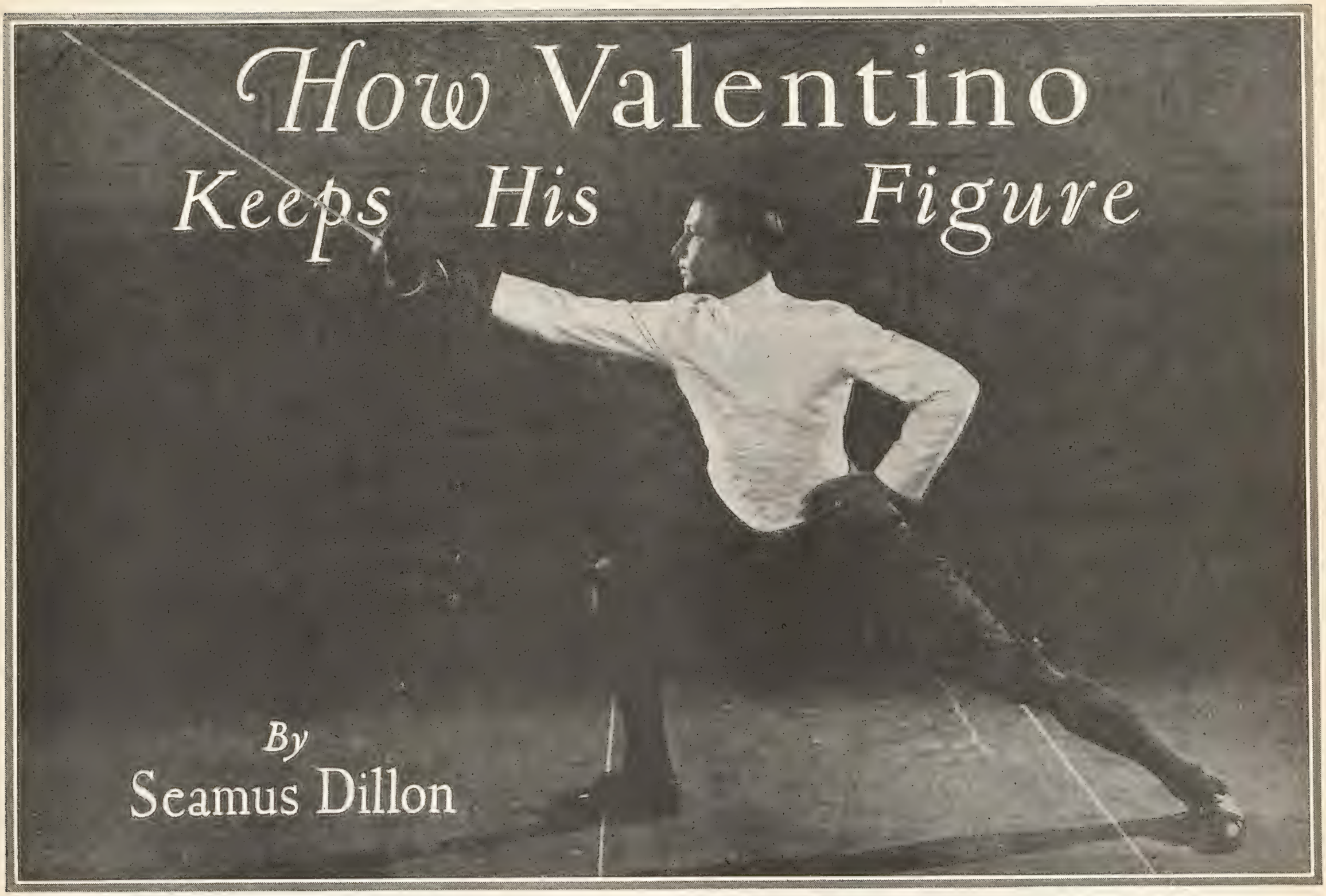
By James Kevin McGuinness

Autos on the State road; autos shining bright,
Here I stand and watch them, rushing out of sight;
Autos new and gleaming; autos caked with dust,
Here I stand and watch them just because I must.

Autos whirring onward to some distant town,
I am herding cattle as the sun goes down;
Autos in procession, autos single file,
Here I stand and watch them with a yearning smile.

Some day I will venture; some day I will go
On to where the city towers row on row;
Autos in the gloaming's dusky mystery,
Some day I'll go roaming—just you wait and see.

How Valentino Keeps His Figure



By Seamus Dillon

IT'S No Secret, Folks! Rudolph Is Willing to Tell All About It —and His System Is: Exercise Daily and Bed at Ten-Thirty

NOT so long ago the fury of the debate about Rudolph Valentino's past rocked the earth. Was he, when younger, a bus boy in a restaurant? He was. He was not. Was he an honorable but lowly gardener weeding and tending the flower patches of the rich? Some said that he was. Others denied it with belligerent bitterness.

Friendships of long standing dissolved in the brawling that ensued. Men and women who had joined hands and souls in a common intent to devote their lives to movie shows spoke to each other no longer. And Rudolph said nothing further than to deny almost everything, which only added to the furor.

Jealous males, writhing as their women folk looked with scorn from Rudolph on the screen to them in the excess flesh, swore horribly and banded together to denounce Rudolph as a cake-eater and a tea demon. Millions lost their sense of humor and here and there the sheriff was called in to quell irate homely men who were out for blood no matter what they looked like.

Now this writer is perfectly willing to let a quiescent situation remain numb. Far be it from us to poke up a hungry but peaceable lion. But suddenly there were thrust upon us the accompanying photographs of Rudolph Valentino. And from our vantage point of having been one of those who have always maintained that Rudolph is no mere muffin buster we turned to the fallen chested gentleman who is our closest pal and said:

"Look at those legs and arms and that chest and neck of Rudolph Valentino and take back your lies."

"Calm yourself," said he. "I see but one chest and neck on Rudolph."

Rather than continue assaulting such apparent bigotry, we hunted up Rudolph himself and congratulated him upon his muscles.

"Nothing extraordinary," he replied. "There is nothing as brutally truthful as the movie camera. Let an actor appear before the camera in poor physical condition and he is ruined.

"An actor's stock in trade is his physical appearance. Constant vigilance plus systematic exercise will keep the chest up, the muscles supple, the eye bright, and the mind clear. I ride, box, run, row, wrestle, fence. I am faithful to my daily two dozen, for I have about twenty-four muscle builders on my list. Whenever possible I get in two whole afternoons a week at outdoor exercise. Horseback riding is my favorite and sometimes when not working in the studio I ride every day.

"When in California I ride fifteen minutes before breakfast each day. Anyone thinking that acting in front of a camera isn't hard work ought to try it. I have my own pool in California and after the morning canter I swim a bit. I have found fencing an excellent coördinator of mind and muscle.

"I like to box, but I must be careful. My work would not be enhanced a little bit were I to develop a cauliflower ear or accumulate a broken nose.

"FORTUNATELY I started life with a sound body capable of symmetrical development. As a youth I took to wrestling and this sport widened my shoulders and deepened my chest. Usually my opponent was my brother, and my father encouraged us to pull and haul at each other. Swimming has developed my chest and shoulder muscles and soccer football has built up my legs and wind.

"Also I rode a bicycle when younger and this cannot help but strengthen the legs. Don't overlook your legs when pursuing athletic prowess. Remember, it is your legs that hold you up.

"Don't forget that you can't build up without plenty of sleep. When I'm working in the pictures I am never out of bed after

The Sheik on his Arab steed.
P. & A. Photo

Above and at the left we find the one and only Rudolph going through his regular morning setting-up exercises, but at the right there stands a new Valentino—with black mustache and chin whiskers. He brought them back with him from abroad, and the customs officers wouldn't believe his passport. Apeda Photo

ten-thirty. Often I'm asleep before that, but ten-thirty is the uttermost limit. When I'm out of bed after that hour it is because there is something most extraordinary on the program. This is certain: Late hours and good work do not travel together. You must get plenty of sleep.

"It is not necessary that you should have expensive equipment with which to keep your body in good condition. But spasmodic exercise does one very little good. To get the best results one should be as regular in one's exercises as in one's meals or sleep. Moreover, a man should make complete mental relaxation a hobby.

"With no other equipment than a bench, a stout wooden pole, and a bar on which to chin yourself you may, in your home, increase your efficiency, enhance your general appearance, and be rid of a great many of the ailments which are attributable to laziness and carelessness.

"The exercises I use are based upon the setting up stunts used in the army. Breathe deeply, get out into the open air, walk erect—the chest out and the stomach drawn in—sleep and eat regularly, and keep clean physically and mentally. These things are certain to bring you happiness through additional physical fitness."

"As usual," we informed our misshapen pal who can never forgive Rudolph for being so handsome, "you are wrong. This movie hero is no pastry consumer. In fact, he warns one against pastry and urges temperance in all things—moderation."

"Yeh?" he replied. "Did he say that it would do you any good to apply a little moderation to your tongue? If he did you might profit by it."

Thus snubbed we didn't tell our friend that Rudolph said regular exercise and sleep and the rest of his program will improve the general disposition.

THE END

Liberty Is Paying

$500 a Week

for Limericks

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

Gay Nellie once went to a tea,
Where guests were sedate as could be;
But meeting by chance
A man who could dance,

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS. . . . . .

STREET ADDRESS . . . . . .

CITY . . . . . STATE. . . . . .

(Issue of December 27)

A Good Way to Start the New Year Is to Step in the Way of Money

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of November 29. The Limerick read as follows:

A skater who 'lowed he could race,
Set out at a terrible pace,
He came to a turn,
Gave a quick look astern,

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote are:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Then won, by a hair, on his face.
Written by R. McALLISTER,
Lock Box 15, Sisseton, South Dakota.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Then the ice played the "deuce" with the "ace."
Written by JOSEPH P. HANRAHAN,
559 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

A hole and a splash, and no trace.
Written by G. C. GRAHAM,
4167 Addison Street, Chicago.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

And carved a neat right-about-face.
Written by FRED K. DIX,
2614 West Market Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Then did a few capers in space.
Written by MRS. O. FLENER,
1705 South R Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Here is a contest in which everyone has a chance. All you have to do is to write one line. Complete the Limerick above, and send it in. It's easy and it's fun. Anybody can do it. If someone says you can't, do it anyway—and show 'em!

For the five best lines submitted Liberty will pay the following big cash—

PRIZES:

First Prize - - - $250
Second Prize - 100
Third Prize - - 75
Fourth Prize - 50
Fifth Prize - - - 25

$500 More for Limericks Next Week!

Better Hurry!

Everybody Can Compete! Men, Women, Children

Send in as many Limericks as you wish. Every member of the family can send in last lines. It makes no difference where you live. But remember that a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.* Note the date when *this week's* contest closes and send in your answer at once. If you are too late to enter this week's contest get an earlier start next week. We want everybody to have a chance.

All Last Lines for THIS WEEK'S Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, JANUARY 3.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

The MIDNIGHT SUPPER *on* NEW YEAR'S EVE

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Table with several guests served. Plate of brown bread in place.

THE best hostess entertains with the greatest appearance of ease. She must not be flurried. She must not be fatigued. Therefore, if she would have her New Year's Eve home party a success, she must choose a simple menu. She will study and plan the party carefully in the minutest detail, from the inviting of congenial people who will enjoy being together, to the serving of an attractive menu which will show that she loves to practice the arts of the home.

The pleasure of entertaining company in the home is greatly enhanced by nice service. An especially simple arrangement for the midnight supper is the buffet service. Here everything is served from the side—so called Russian style. The hostess will arrange her large serving dishes and table accessories on the buffet. The server will then take up individual portions (hot foods on hot plates), placing them from the right as he serves each guest, serving the hostess first.

Served and prepared nicely, the following menu should gratify both the guests and the hostess:

MENU

Welsh Rarebit on Potato Puffs
Coffee
Open Brown Bread Sandwiches
Hot Buttered Peas in Rosettes
Pineapple Sherbet Coconut Sweetmeats

Potato Puffs (for Six)

2 cups mashed potato
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons milk

BEAT all the ingredients except the egg into the mashed potato. Add the beaten yolks to the potato mixture. Then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites. Place in buttered muffin tins or arrange in forms with a pastry tube on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Welsh Rarebit (for Six)

⅓ cup milk or cream
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg
½ lb. cheese, grated
¼ teaspoon salt
A dash of paprika for each service.
½ teaspoon prepared mustard, if desired.

PUT the butter in the top part of a double boiler. When melted add cheese and seasonings. Stir until cheese is melted. Gradually stir in cream and then beaten egg. (Make sure that the water in the lower part of the double boiler never boils as this toughens the cheese and causes the rarebit to be stringy.) Stir until the mixture thickens and pour over toasted crackers, bread, or potato puffs and serve immediately. To make this rarebit in a chafing dish, proceed exactly as you would with a double boiler, putting the water in the lower dish of the set and the cheese mixture in the top one. (Pimento and parsley make an attractive garnish.)

Cheese Sauce (for Six)

2 cups milk
3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 to 1½ cups of cheese, grated

Chopped pimentos may be added

MELT the butter and remove from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings. Mix well. Gradually stir in the milk. Boil and stir for five to ten minutes. While the mixture is hot, stir in the cheese. Mix well and serve hot. If it is necessary to keep the mixture hot until served, be sure to place it over water that is not boiling, as too high a temperature will toughen and curdle the cheese. (This is more easily made than Welsh Rarebit, as well as more easily digested.)

Coconut Sweetmeats (for Six)

½ cup of powdered sugar
2 cups of shredded coconut
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 egg whites

MIX the dry ingredients, then add the vanilla. Beat the egg whites stiff. Fold these into the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to a greased, floured baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees Fahrenheit, for twenty minutes, or until slightly browned. Remove from baking sheet while hot and cool. Keep in metal cake box.

Steamed Brown Bread (for Six)

1 cup rye flour, rye meal or bread crumbs
1 cup cornmeal
1 cup Graham flour
2 teaspoons baking soda
¾ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
2 cups sour milk
½ cup molasses
1 cup raisins, if desired

MOISTEN the bread crumbs, if dry, with a little cold water. Mix the dry ingredients well. Mix the liquids. Add these to the dry ingredients and mix. Add floured raisins if used. Place in oiled molds (filling them not more than two-thirds full). Steam four or five hours. Remove from mold and dry out for a few minutes in a moderate oven.

Open Brown Bread Sandwiches

SPREAD the cooled, sliced brown bread with butter. Slice stuffed olives into thin slices and arrange around the edge of bread. Serve open.

Pineapple Sherbet (for Six)

3 cups milk
1 cup sugar
2 lemons, juice only
1 can grated pineapple

MAKE a sirup by boiling the fruit, fruit juice, and sugar for five minutes, or until sugar is dissolved. Cool before adding to the milk as otherwise it will curdle the milk. Slowly stir this fruit mixture into the milk. Pack (even if it should curdle as the freezing process remedies this) and freeze, using one part salt to six parts ice. The more salt is used the quicker the mixture freezes.

Rosettes or Timbales (for Six)

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon fat
1 cup milk
1 egg

MIX and sift dry ingredients. Mix the beaten egg, melted fat, and milk. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients and beat until smooth with an egg beater. Heat the timbale or rosette iron in deep fat at 374 to 392 degrees Fahrenheit. Drain the iron and dip while hot into the batter. The iron should be hot enough so that when it is submerged in the batter, the clinging particles of batter will fry slightly before it is put into the hot fat. (If the iron is too hot, the cases will blister and drop from the iron and if it is too cold, they will be greasy.) Drain off any dripping batter and immerse in the deep fat until well browned. Serve hot, or reheated, filled with peas.

Next Week's Article
Will Deal with
Efficient Kitchen Tools

Buffet—everything set for serving.

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Winter Changes in the Screen Firmament

An old star reappears, new ones twinkle, and here and there a comet flashes.

Captions by Alva Taylor

CASTING FLAPPER PARTS ASIDE, May McAvoy moves to serious rôles. Wistful appeal and exceptional ability have landed her the part of Esther in Ben Hur. Photo McAvoy

LOVELY ALICE JOYCE, one of our first great stars, returns after an absence of two years, more beautiful than ever, in Gasnier's White Man. Photo Pach Bros.

ALWAYS ROOM for another good juvenile. And along comes Ronald Coleman, handsome leading man, who first scored in the White Sister. Photo Russell Ball

ZING! ZOWIE! PEP! That's Richard Dix, who through his splendid work in Manhattan has been made a full fledged star. Photo Russell Ball

The death of HE, the famous clown. With a knife thrust in his heart he goes out to his audience, who think him clowning to the end. Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert, in He Who Gets Slapped.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

A Motion Picture Review by Alva Taylor

He Who Gets Slapped
From the Play by Leonid Andreyev
Directed by Victor Seastrom
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

CAST:

He Who Gets Slapped.....*Lon Chaney*
Consuelo.....*Norma Shearer*
Bezano.....*John Gilbert*
Count Mancini.....*Tully Marshall*
Baron Regnard..*Marc McDermott*
HE'S Wife.....*Ruth King*
Zinida.....*Paulette Duval*
Tricaud.....*Ford Sterling*
Briquet.....*Harvey Clarke*
Clown.....*Clyde Cook*
Clown.....*Brandon Hurst*
Clown.....*George Davis*

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED is undoubtedly a fine moving picture. Among those responsible for its success are the author of the stage play, Leonid Andreyev, who provided the producers of the picture with material particularly suited to the screen; Victor Seastrom, who has given it some of his excellent brand of direction; Lon Chaney of the versatile face and skillful pantomime, and the refreshingly different Norma Shearer—not to mention a high class lion, who does his important bit in the dénouement.

Unlike a great many movies made from stage plays, this one retains in a large measure the spirit of the original. It is not just the plot put into moving pictures, but it has the spirit of pathos, of near satire, which the original play contained. One knows that the clown who is continually slapped by his fellow clowns so that the audience may go into spasms of laughter signifies the buffoonery of life, the tricks of irony it sometimes plays its clowns.

The technique of the camera and screen can put over symbolical bits as well and often better than written words, if the director is clever. Mr. Seastrom has done this successfully in He Who Gets Slapped, notably with a clever use of "fades."

The background of the picture is Paris, a Paris circus. HE is a famous clown. Other than this the character has no name. The first part of the film shows us what has led up to this circus career.

HE was a highly cultured student. After years of research and study he is ready to present to the assembled scientists of the French Academy an essay on an important scientific discovery. His patron, Baron Regnard, steals the essay, reads it himself to the assembly, and is decorated. The baron does not do things by halves. He also steals HE'S wife. These are the first two slaps, one from his friend, the other from his wife.

HE takes his broken and disillusioned heart to a circus. Because he lets his fellow clowns slap him, no matter what he does, he is in great demand. The public is happiest when someone is getting slapped. HE is a huge success.

Lon Chaney puts into this part of the clown his talent for impersonation. He plays it with all the pathos it calls for. He is a disappointed man, a great student, making the audiences rock with laughter as he suffers.

Norma Shearer plays Consuelo, beautiful young bareback rider of the circus, whom HE loves. But when he tells her of his love she thinks he is clowning and slaps him playfully. Consuelo loves Bezano, her riding partner. But her father, poverty-stricken and dissolute, with a count's title and no bank book, has other plans. He is all set to marry her off to the villain, the aforementioned Baron Regnard.

The baron, wearying of the other woman, has cast too admiring eyes upon Consuelo. The count sees in this infatuation a meal ticket for his declining years and encourages the baron's suit.

This is where the excitement begins. The rest of the picture continues in thrilling manner, with the lion playing the leading rôle. In the stage play, of course, the lion episode is off stage. But with a well behaved Hollywood lion, and the technique of moving pictures, much can be done on the screen that cannot be done on the stage.

We'll refrain from giving you all the details. But be prepared to feel extremely anxious while Mr. Lion does his stuff.

Through the lion HE gets revenge for a stolen life work, a wife, and for a fatal knife thrust in his heart. HE dies dramatically before his audience. They think him clowning until the end. This is well done, not too sentimental, but full of genuine pathos.

NEXT WEEK: *Oh, Doctor!*
With Reginald Denny Starring

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A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

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All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!
Your Constipated Child Needs "California Fig Syrup"

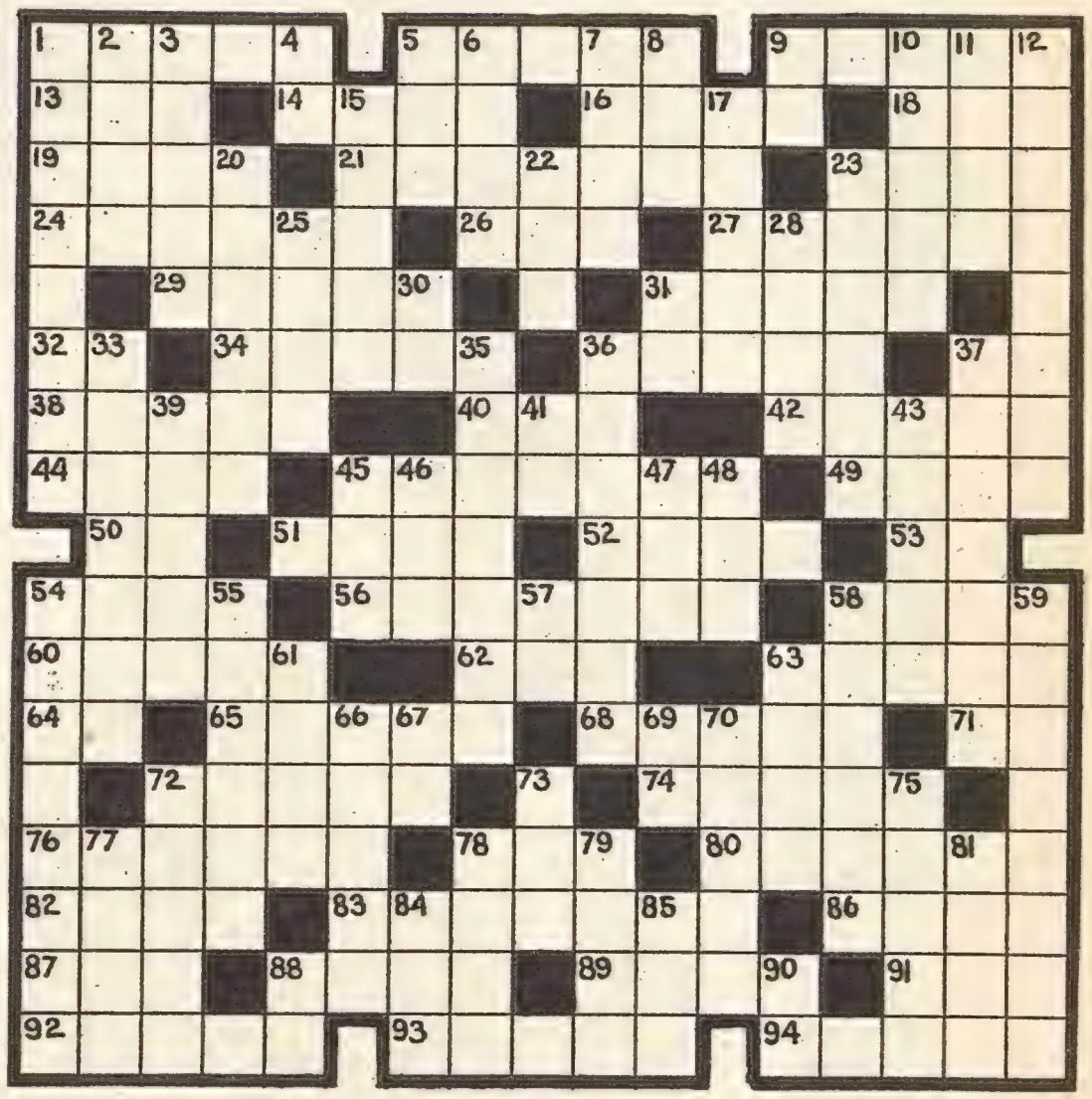
Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 8

THIS little symphony in black and white takes you into age-old civilizations and foreign countries. For instance, horizontal word Number 1 is "county." The English call a county a "shire." And vertical word No. 2 is defined as "Olympian goddess, Queen of Heaven." This important personage in ancient Greece was "Hera." *Ave atque vale!* A cross-word puzzle is as good as a college education!

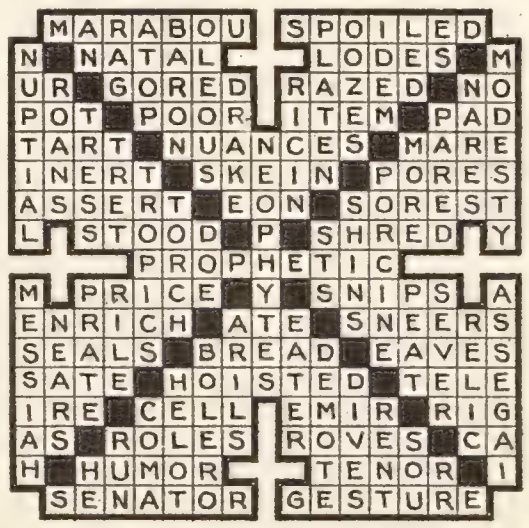


HORIZONTAL

1 A county
5 To coquet
9 Bizarre
13 A voracious teleost fish
14 A large genus of South African succulent-liliaceous plants
16 Simpletons
18 Sped
19 Extent
21 To thrust one's self upon attention
23 To clang
24 Dressings for meat, fish, puddings, etc.
26 A collection of like articles
27 A small evergreen pittosporaceous tree of New Zealand
29 Masculine human beings
31 Ventilated
32 A preposition
34 A shot in billiard games
36 Character in The Courtship of Miles Standish
37 A sloth
38 A white poisonous protein of the castor bean
40 A long-eared quadruped
42 Extreme contempt
44 A girl's name
45 Submissive
49 To dangle
50 A prefix denoting "two"
51 A material used in brewing
52 An ointment made from a matgrass
53 Rhode Island [init.]
54 To tear apart
56 Lionlike
58 Those following a particular authority
60 Pressed upon attention
62 An electrified particle
63 A kind of tree
64 Medical abbreviation for alcoholism
65 Grown dim
68 A moral offense
71 Initials of an island in Greater New York
72 A foot lever
74 Affected with pain
76 The large sweet European chestnut
78 To bring forth
80 A governing body
82 God of Love
83 Capable of being extended
86 A public school in England
87 A sip of intoxicating liquor
88 Supported
89 Voiceless and nonaspirate consonants, as "p," "k," "t"
91 To make lace edging
92 One of the five senses
93 Cantered with a dancing movement
94 Chattels

VERTICAL

1 The coast
2 Olympian Goddess, Queen of Heaven
3 Part of an internal organ [anatomical]
4 A deity in Assyrio-Babylonian myth
5 A little pocket in men's trousers near the waist band
6 Allows
7 To put to flight in disorder
8 A small child [local, U. S.]
9 A bone [anatomical]
10 A trinity
11 To talk extravagantly
12 Attractive
15 One who suffers defeat
17 Having an offensive smell
20 A genus of trees and shrubs
22 To rot or injure by exposure
23 To wet thoroughly
25 Ardor inspired by passion or enthusiasm
28 The Greek God of War
30 In that manner
31 Nickname of popular New Yorker
33 A thick-shelled sweet-flavored nut
35 A process of the temporal bone behind the ear
36 Having the qualities of a stupid animal
37 A large genus of asteraceous herbs [plural]
39 To stick together
41 Sunday school [abbr.]
43 Propelled along the surface of water
45 A chum
46 Beer
47 A large covered wagon used for moving furniture
48 Before
54 A beginning of any knowledge
55 Postpones
57 Negative
58 Calm or undisturbed
59 Three pronged spears
61 That part of a wall between the surbase and base course
63 Any of various species of Brassica
66 An Italian poet
67 A Spanish article
69 Sun God of Egypt
70 Ascended
72 Supports
73 A combustible mixture used for illuminating
75 The chief of a Moro tribe
77 A melody
78 A combining form signifying "within"
79 A river in Egypt
81 A tailless leaping amphibian
84 A measure for cloth
85 Guided
88 That fellow
90 That is [Latin abbr.]



Solution of Puzzle No. 7

NEWEST STYLES VARIED IN DESIGN AND MATERIAL

By PATRICIA

IT IS always interesting to every feminine heart to hear about the latest style creations, and most of all to possess one of the new frocks herself. Patterns for the latest, smartest, and most becoming styles can be obtained through our pattern department.

The street dresses are mostly made of cloth, kasha being among the smartest and most popular fabrics. Many are beltless, while others designed for the mature figure, are belted just across the back and sides. Plaits continue to be employed, while trimming confines itself to narrow braid, contrasting material, and buttons. The less trimming your dress exploits, the more assured you may be of its ultra chic. For dresses of general wear, bengaline is also used extensively.

Dresses for more formal wear repeat this same simplicity. Velvet, soft crêpes, satin, and lace are the most commonly used materials.

Design No. 2164 doesn't give that disliked impression of "made for a stout." Yet its lines are constructed so as to make it a most desirable style for the older woman who either wishes to emphasize her slender lines or who is desirous of taking off twenty or thirty pounds.

Bengaline, a silk crêpe, and soft woolen materials are suitable for this design. If you are of medium figure, you may select satin. The pattern is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards of 42 inch material.

The much talked of Spanish influence is evidenced in this stunning dinner or dance dress of velvet and lace (No. 2215), or of satin and lace. Or the dress may be made entirely of lace worn over a silk slip.

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Dress pattern No. 2215 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 1¾ yards 27 inch material for top of dress, with 2 yards of 36 inch lace flouncing.

A dress from which you'll derive much wear is design No. 2253. It cuts entirely in one piece, as shown in the accompanying diagram. It is so easy to make that even the woman who has never sewn could undertake the task with assurance that her dress will be a success. Green or blue colored crêpe would be attractive for blue eyes and fair hair. Coral colored crêpe is suggested for the darker person.

Dress pattern No. 2253 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3 yards of 36 or 40 inch material. The beading design comes in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 710 (blue and yellow) and costs fifteen cents extra.

Tan kasha plaided in tan, blue, and red was used for the original model, No. 2266. It combines many of the latest features—beltless, side-front closing, long, tight fitting sleeves, and button trimming. Plain kasha might also be used.

The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3 yards of 42 inch material, with ⅜ yard of 18 inch contrasting.

The Second Honeymoon

Final Installment of This MARRIAGE BUSINESS

By JIM and KATHLEEN

Picture by E. R. KIRKBRIDE

The Husband's Side of the Story—By Jim

I AM back with Kathleen, and, to be perfectly frank with myself, assuming that a man really can be frank with himself, I am glad to be back at any terms. I like to look upon it as a mutual surrender. That may be an illusion, but I have come to the one conclusion at least that this marriage business cannot last without illusions, for it is founded on a great illusion.

This all reminds me of something that happened to me when I was a boy. Brooding over fancied wrongs, as the newspaper reporters say, I ran away. All small boys run away, but they do not run very far, nor very rapidly.

Afterward, still smarting over those fancied wrongs, I crept back feeling sure that my departure had them all very much worried and very penitent over my departure. But they were not at all that way. My father pretended to be surprised that I had returned to my place of torment. To my astonishment, my mother by her silence seemed to acquiesce. I think it all wound up by my expressing the penitence which I felt that my parents should have expressed and promising to be a better boy in future. I never ran away again.

My return in this instance is very much like the homecoming of that small child. And now it seems that my departure was very much like the early departure of the boy I used to be. But I must be generous and admit that my reception in this instance was much more to my liking. There was no look of accusation in the eyes of Kathleen. She was frankly glad.

When little frictions happen in the future I must remember that, for I would have been prepared for something of the sort. I can be honest enough to admit something like that was coming to me. Kathleen had a strategic advantage there, but she did not use it. That was generous.

They say, these women, that we are all small boys at heart. It must be true. For here am I, a truant boy, returning like an unreasonable truant. The wonder of it is that my wife seems kinder and fonder in the emergency than my mother. My wife could not even pretend to be harsh.

And so on my return to my home, which I left in a fit of pique, I feel a great tenderness toward Kathleen. Perhaps it is deeper than the tenderness I had for her when we entered that home together for the first time. Somehow it seems more substantial and founded on a better understanding.

THIS second honeymoon—the term sounds a bit hackneyed—really means more than the first. We have been tried. We have seen the shadows. We have touched upon what might menace a life together, yet we choose to resume the path hand in hand with the realization that it is not entirely smooth. Right now I have high hopes for the success of this marriage business.

Yet I wonder what scars this parting has left. There must be scars, for both of us have been wounded to a certain extent, how deeply I cannot tell. I cannot even tell how deeply I have been hurt myself, so how can I measure the extent of Kathleen's hurts?

There again is the difficulty. There is so much happiness in the regaining of the lost paradise that I find it impossible to reason. A contract is a contract. It cannot be one-sided. And a contract should be considered in the light of cold reasoning.

But how can that be when the heart is involved? How can two people, really in love, sit and bargain across the table, mapping out their life together as two shrewd and calculating business men would plan the future of a business firm? It simply cannot be done.

There may be some merit in this French system where the marriage contracts are arranged by others, not the two vitally concerned. Yet I would not have anybody write that particular contract for me. No one knows the heart of a man or a woman but the man or woman. And they do not know it all.

From an entirely selfish point of view I would have to take up this contract again. My attempt to break its bond was a pitiful failure. Even if it did not promise what it does promise, I should be impelled to return to it. It has become essential to my life.

Yet even now in the joy of its restoration I must look ahead to the part I must play in the little conflicts of interests and of inclinations that must come. I have to face that.

I MUST not be swayed against my better judgment in things that concern us both. I must not, as my friend the colonel says, be ruled entirely by petticoat government. The colonel thinks that he is the great mutineer against the petticoat form of government; but in reality, though all unknowing, he is the most abject victim of its tyranny.

If a man is softened at home and his will is thwarted too frequently he becomes somewhat spineless away from home and in instances where he needs a very durable spine. Yet I would not take advantage of Kathleen's generosity and make her spineless and spiritless, as some wives seem to be.

The books make the marriage business the end. It is only the beginning. They have called death the great adventure. Of that I do not know.

This much I do know now, that marriage is a great adventure, the greatest of all to me. When one embarks upon an adventure he must not quit. He must see it through. The adventure, like all adventures, may start to seem dull and prosaic toward the end.

But I for one would not miss the adventure of the marriage business and I will strive to keep its glamour, for I feel that when an adventure loses its glamour it is not the fault of the adventure but of the quitters who have embarked on it. I will not be a quitter.

The Wife's Side of the Story—By Kathleen

JIM is home. We are going to try it again. Jim is so happy. He says it is our second honeymoon—it isn't. Anyway, not for me, and I think—I'm sure—not for him. Still, he seems to have more rebound than I have, always, in everything.

It isn't a honeymoon, not that happiness at all—not even a second, as he called it. (And what an awful gap there is between first and second in everything!)

Yet it isn't as much as even a second honeymoon should be. But I am happy, so happy to get him back! I wasn't prepared at all for the desolation that swept over me when I thought I had lost him. I have been thinking about it, and I think I understand a little bit why that was.

It isn't just that I really love Jim, or it isn't a duller thing, that I had become used to him, but it's that he had really become my whole life. He is not only my husband, but my work, my career—to use the popular word for women nowadays.

Perhaps that is where I made the mistake in the beginning, in really making his existence mine so completely, living in him for everything. Maybe it was my mistake and maybe it wasn't. Maybe the mistake was in other little things within that. I guess I didn't keep my life buoyant within his, but let it become a weight.

Anyway, I know he felt something of this—some drag to his spirit from me—that is why I think I began to get on his nerves so, and he was so irritable in little things.

And if I had let myself become this sort of spiritual drag to him, perhaps it was because I hadn't fed my life with enough from the outside.

I think for a woman to live her life within the life of her husband can be a very beautiful way for her to live, and for him, too—but she must keep feeding her spirit continually outside of him so that she can continually give and not continually take.

Anyway, whatever it was, I know now that I had begun to pall on him, and that he was really relieved, really glad, the first few days he was away from me. After that he began to turn toward me again. Slowly at first, and then with a great rush of tenderness that brought him back to me.

Maybe it wasn't all just tenderness. Maybe it was a little bit that he was very uncomfortable without me.

IF I have dragged on the spiritual side of his life, on the material side I have surely lifted. I cleared a little place in life for him where he was physically at ease, and that is something. That is a great deal! Men demand it, and take it as a matter of course, but it really is a very great gift to have—a little place in life where one is physically at ease.

Almost every man in the world has some woman, somewhere, who is doing this, all of this, and there is a lot to it—for him.

Perhaps I erred on this side, too, because I had made him dependent upon me, and that is really a great injury to do anyone. I realize that now, even if it was the great thing that brought him back to me. I don't deceive myself in this, though I know it is humiliating to myself to say this, and humiliating to him.

I remember when I was first married, meeting in a little mountain camp where we had gone for our honeymoon—a small, plain woman, with a small, firm chin, who was there with a very fascinating husband. I remember how really shocked I was at the way this woman waited upon this man—his food, his clothes—even his bath were matters for her personal attention.

I happened to come across her once in the bathroom preparing his tub. It was a small hotel and there were no private baths. She was preparing his tub and was measuring the water's depth with a rule, its temperature with a thermometer; I couldn't help exclaiming.

I'll never forget how she straightened up from bending over the tub with a curious little gesture of defiant determination that went with her chin, and said:

"You think I'm a fool. But perhaps I'm not—not such a big fool as you think. It all depends on how you look at it. My husband means more to me than anything in the world and I'm not going to lose him. He has had two wives already, if you must know it, and heaven only knows how many women. And I—I've never had anything in my life that meant happiness to me till I got him, and I got him just on a fluke. But afterward, when I realized what he meant to me, how he actually changed all of life to me, I made up my mind that I just wouldn't lose him, and the only way I knew to go about it—because I am not so young, and not so pretty, or any of that—was just to make him so dependent on me for just plain care that he'd never be able to get along without me."

She stopped to unfold an extra-sized, thick bath towel—that didn't come with the hotel, I knew—and added grimly, "and he hasn't."

I did think she was an awful fool then, but now I am not so sure. Perhaps to know what you want in life, and how to keep it when you get it, is to be very wise.

Anyway, Jim is back with me again, and I think we've learned a lesson—as much as any of us can learn lessons that we don't really already know.

I shall try not to drag and I shall try not to nag—and second honeymoons may not be glamorous, but there is a very special tenderness about them after all—that tenderness that comes to a lonely, bewildered heart that has found a home again.

THE END

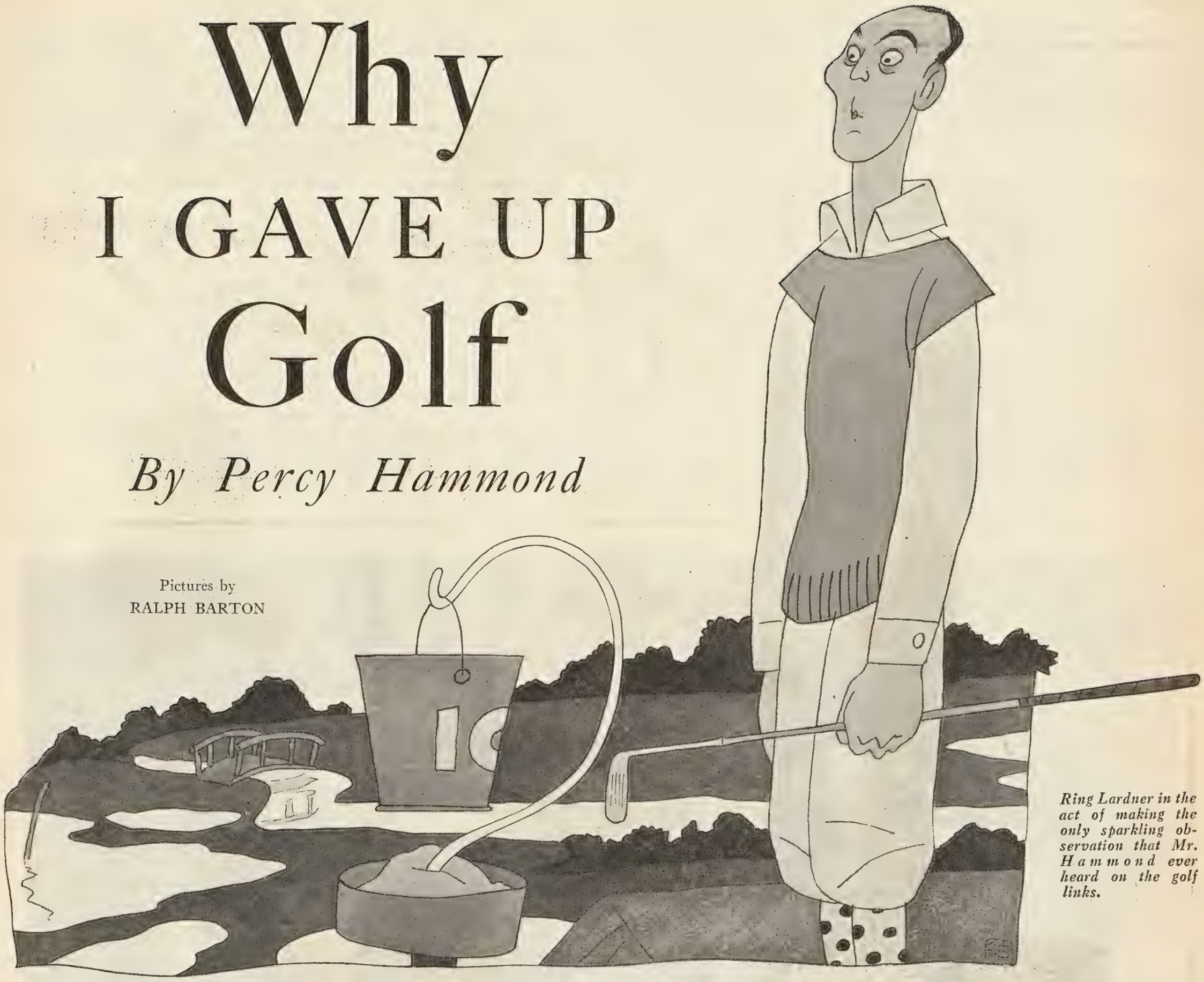
During the summer Liberty published a series of articles entitled The Five Crises in a Woman's Life, by Frederic Arnold Kummer. These articles caused considerable comment. Mr. Kummer now is analyzing the five crises in a man's life. The first of this new series will appear in an early issue.

There was no look of accusation in the eyes of Kathleen. She was frankly glad.

Why I GAVE UP Golf

By Percy Hammond

Pictures by
RALPH BARTON



Ring Lardner in the act of making the only sparkling observation that Mr. Hammond ever heard on the golf links.

IS It Possible for a Dyed-in-the-Wool Golfer to Lay Aside His Clubs and Become Normal Again? Maybe It Is, But . . . . . .

ALLEGED friends, seeking to embarrass you, ask you every now and then why you gave up golf. They leer a little as they propound the foolish inquiry, and suggest with ironic grins and innuendoes that the game, disgusted by your bad habits, quit you long before you quit it. They laugh at you as being the culprit party to the separation, and seem to congratulate the so-called pastime on ridding itself of a guilty partner. Like most divorcées, you well know why you gave it up. What baffles you is why you ever took it on.

I had no excuse for becoming entangled with this harpy of outdoor recreations. Chess and pinochle, varied occasionally by games of football and polo, made me content. Nothing could have been more serene than my association with the athletics. We got along very well, as the old song used to say, "sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys."

Baseball and I were comrades, and as for hockey and tobogganing, we were amiable and hand in hand. At stilts walking and battledore and shuttlecock I was, if not of championship caliber, at least of considerable skill. I was about to take up lassoing with Will Rogers and Fred Stone, when Ring Lardner came along and tempted me from my tranquil exercises to adventures less satisfactory.

"Dogwood blossoms are abloom," said he, "and the May winds are fragrant with odors of the apple trees." You know how he talks. "The calm skies and the mysterious horizons beckon us to join them," he advised me, "so let us go out and play a round of golf."

At that time I was more or less in awe of Mr. Lardner, because he was the baseball editor of the Chicago *Tribune* and I was its reporter of the dramas. So, buying myself some clubs and flannel trousers, I went with him to his country club.

For several years thereafter I strayed from the paths of athletic sanity. I forgot almost everything which thitherto I had, as the saying goes, held dear. My books, my lawn tennis, my music, and my drama were all neglected in attention to golf. I joined a links and got myself a locker. Chick Evans, in a fit of whimsical philanthropy, gave me a brassie and instructed me how to wield it.

"After three or four years' study and rehearsal," he said, "you will arrive at that happy day when you will give your clubs to a caddie and quit the game forever."

Mr. Lardner's opinions, however, were so optimistic that I disregarded the ominous owl songs of less helpful neighbors. He spoke of the pleasant companionships of the fairways of the bright remarks that were made in the quiet journeys from tee to tee, and the fast friends that one could collect in an afternoon.

"It will sharpen your wits," he said, "enlarge your acquaintance, and in general make you a thinner and more amusing man. There is poetry in every swing of the mashie, and a joke at the bottom of every cup," he continued; "and, even if you are unlucky in your game, you can always remember that it takes you out into the open air."

Well, I suppose that since then I have played golf with as many brilliant fellows as Walter Hagen has. I am not boasting when I say that I have been adversary to such funny chaps as Al Jolson and Ed Wynn. Many an eighteen holes have I done with Otis Skinner, John Barrymore, and Fred Stone; Frank Craven, Ernest Truex, and Oscar Shaw, notable comedians, have played matches with me, and so has Gene Buck, the scintillant librettist of the Ziegfeld Follies. Artistic theatrical im-

Golfers, even such blithe minstrels as Frank Craven, Ed Wynn, or Al Jolson, are prone to grow morbid immediately after teeing off. Mr. Hammond has played with the blithest of them.

presarios such as John Golden, Sam H. Harris, and Arthur Hopkins have pitted themselves against me. Novelists, painters, vocalists, and scholars have been my associates.

Yet I give you my word that none of those contacts was ever enlivened by a thoughtful or a sparkling observation. The only laugh I ever got out of the game was one given me by Mr. Lardner years ago, and even that was not so long or loud. We were at the tenth tee at Glen View, an arena noted for its numerous rivers, reservoirs, ponds, lakes, rivulets, brooks, and canals. As Mr. Lardner surveyed the wet prospect, he exclaimed, "So this is Venice!"

In case I made a comic shot I had a right to expect that it would evoke some humorous comment. But whenever my ball went into the long grass it was said invariably that it was "in the whiskers." If it soared high into the air, instead of being straight and low, it was always "up in Lizzie's room." Endeavoring to extricate myself from a bunker, I was usually referred to as "Houdini." In the event that I dropped into a water hazard, it was the custom to remark that I was "in the drink."

At such times as the conversation was not monotonous it was surly. No matter how blue the sky, how soft the breezes, how melodious the songbirds, the golfers were prone to sour the sweet air with ugly imprecations whenever they missed a three-foot putt.

Once while playing with Al Jolson, the blithest of the minstrels, I heard him berate a robin redbreast for bursting into song just as he was about to execute a difficult maneuver.

"I'll kill that crow," said he.

In his right mind Mr. Jolson would have held out his arms to his fellow troubadour, and would have asked it if it knew any "Mammy" songs.

During several wasted, priceless summers I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

William H. Kessler and some of his Liberty Boy Salesmen at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

easy work for your boy's spare time

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

accumulated further evidence that golf is a mean and hurtful avocation. In it you go your way and your opponent goes his. You do not, as in other games, have to outwit your rival or come to grips with him. There is no real conflict in a thousand holes of it. Whereas the yachtsman must vie with the winds and waves, and the jockey ride his horse against, as well as with, his competitors, the golfer battles alone with himself. His muscles work, but his brains are dormant.

The angler must deliberate while overcoming the wary pickerel, and even professional baseball players have their moments of tactics and strategy. But golf is the dull lullaby of open air exertions, and a somnambulist should be able to play it as well as a man who is wide awake.

I noticed in my golfing days that under these influences my confrères in the game suffered their other work to languish. Drugged by its bromides, they became torpid in their various arts and businesses. The actors and playwrights grew less true to nature, the novelists neglected their plots, and the poets seemed to be writing with jiggers instead of styluses.

A BANKER in whose probity the utmost confidence had been reposed was discovered one day changing a 7 to a 6 on his score card. Good men from whose cleanly lips no oath was apt to fall were to be heard using rough language in the presence of caddies. No less an eminence than a United States Senator became so weakened in character that he hit a friend upon the jaw one day, and was expelled—from the golf club, if not the Senate.

A distinguished President, affronted by the bad manners of a fellow athlete, picked up his ball on an otherwise sunny afternoon and went back to the White House in an ill humor. I have heard many country club telephones desecrated by falsehoods told to wives and sweethearts, thus retarding the advance of both home life and flirtation.

These and other omens caused me to bid my adieus to an idle and a harmful sport. The estrangement did not occur in anger, as so many of them do, for to a phlegmatic temperament it matters little whether one's score is 88 or 92, or both. I was a moderate golfer, being able to take it or to let it alone. My totals were sometimes synthetic, but they were seldom altogether spurious. I never was remorseful when my ball went astray, because I understand the Bohemian and gypsy dispositions. Not even the most impish of the caddies can say that I ever treated him other than as a son.

I never threw my implements away in fits of annoyance. Samuel G. Blythe writes me from California that he, Harry Leon Wilson, Peter B. Kyne, and Hugh Wiley insert corks in their club shafts so that, after they have tossed them sullenly into the Pacific Ocean, they can sneak back and retrieve them. That, I think, is an example of the enervating influences of the vice.

To those who are ambitious to abandon golf it must be said that it is a difficult separation. Persons who have given up stud poker and throwing the discus tell me that it is much easier to be weaned away from those seductive exercises. You swear off conclusively, you think, and seem to be safe with your catboat or your boxing gloves. But, just when you are sure that you are deaf to its voluptuous pipings and have discarded its silken chains, you get a temptation like this one from Mr. Lardner:

Gent: When I seen that you had decided to give up golf it reminded me as if I would say that I had decided to give up singing alto parts in the Metropolitan opera co. Then later on you say maybe you might play again some time after all. Listen if you do play "again" and have got any money which if you ever had any you have still got it as far as I know, why come out to Long's Island and it will only cost you $1.00 per hole and pick out whatever course you like as I belong to them all and president of most of them. Theys 2 guys in the world I can beat and the other one had both arms shot off in the civil war and holds his clubs in what is left of his teeth. My telephone number is no secret, God knows.

Respy,
RING LARDNER.

AFTER all, golfing with Mr. Lardner is not really golf. . . . I guess I can go out and beat him and not violate my oath of abdication. Besides, it may be best for me, as well as for the game, that I do not thoroughly and irrevocably depart from it. Perhaps it shouldn't be given up completely. . . . I have almost decided to do another round. Or, if convenient, two or three. Or, possibly, four. An occasional lapse will do no harm. I shall play, but infrequently, allowing no foolish eighteen holes to interfere with my normal existence. . . . Hey, caddie, get me a floater! Fix it on the tee so that it will shine in the sunlight like the Kohinoor! Let me smash it contemptuously upon one of its most gleaming facets, and give it, as the golfers say, a long ride! . . . The incidents which usually follow explain why I give up golf, if not why I gave it up.

THE END

We want children to be useful and at peace with themselves and their neighbors.

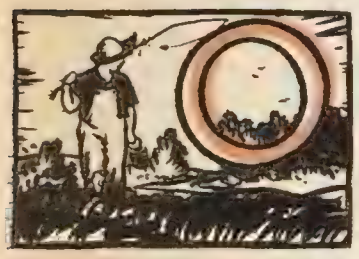
SPARE *the* ROD

—YOU DON'T SPOIL THE CHILD

The Masters of Animals Know Better Than to Beat Them. Will the Masters of Children Never Learn?

An Article by **ANGELO PATRI,** *the Noted Educator*

Picture by GLEN A. MITCHELL



ONCE King Solomon wrote, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," and ever since those who in their secret hearts are ashamed of what they have done to their helpless children excuse themselves by quoting the words of the wise old monarch. Solomon undoubtedly was very wise and had much knowledge concerning hidden things, but I would not accept his statement about the rod as the last word on child training.

A man with a family the size of King Solomon's might be forgiven for a hasty word now and then. He very likely found himself in the predicament of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. You remember, she had so many children that she didn't know what to do, so she whipped them all soundly and put them to bed. One can sympathize with the situation without making it one's pattern for life. After a quarter of a century of close association with children and teachers and parents I am convinced that corporal punishment is neither wise nor right. I believe the temporary relief which it offers the harassed teacher or parent does not justify the harm it does the children.

There is nothing that a human being resents so deeply, so bitterly, so everlastingly, as a blow. He holds his body sacred, and any violation of it is to be resisted, even unto death.

It is dangerous to rouse such passions in children. Once roused, they are hard to lay, and they smolder on, eating the soul fiber, until, at last, it gives way, and the smothered passions rage into fearful violence. The beaten one becomes in his turn the brutal beater, and the vicious circle is complete.

The soul of man is unconquerable; for good or evil, it works its will in the end. The blood of the martyrs cries out from the stones, and ears long deaf hear eagerly. Will the masters of children never learn?

The masters of animals know better than to beat them. Higgins, a horse trainer, who sent blue ribboners out to victory for many years, used to grow apoplectic at the suggestion of a whip on the training grounds.

"I wouldn't have the ignoramus who used one on my place, sir," he would say. "Ruins the horse. Takes the spirit out of him, and that's what he wins on, sir—his spirit, sir."

That's what the child wins on, sir—his spirit. If the child is subdued by fear, he is handicapped, if not ruined, for life, especially if he is high spirited and daring and proud.

What would have become of George Cohan if his father had lost patience and given him the thrashing that the onlookers thought he so richly deserved? Throughout the story

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

of his adolescence, a charming picture in his delightful tale of his years on the stage, there runs, in the background, a beautiful story of his father—gentle, patient, understanding, and possessed of a wisdom far surpassing, in a way, that of King Solomon.

George was a thoroughbred and a winner. He was impressed with that idea at the age of thirteen, and the realization that the world was not going to stop to see him pass by made him furious at the world. One day he believed he had been outraged by having to accept a minor place on the bill, and he went into hysterics of grief and disappointment.

His father tried to calm him, but Georgie wouldn't be calmed. He threw his bootblacking box into his room, and broke the pitcher and basin, and yelled that he would get even with them all some day. And his father said never a word, just picked up the pieces.

Of course, Dad Cohan might have given Georgie "what for" right then and there, but he was too big a father for that. He cleaned up the mess, and by and by, when Georgie had raved himself calm, father lectured him gently into repentance and healing tears.

Did that cure Georgie of his self-consciousness? Of his audacious impudence and assurance? Of the pathos and absurdity of adolescence? Did the troubled household settle down to peace? It did not. Years of teaching went into the training of that colt, but in the end Dad Cohan turned him out a blue ribboner, whose prancing, dancing, curvetting antics have filled the hearts of us with love, and light, and laughter for a generation.

But Georgie was only one boy, and he was a handful. How about the teacher who has a whole school full? Just the same. Here in the City of New York we do not permit corporal punishment, and our schools are run efficiently, even joyously. We have all sorts of children from all sorts of homes. We have the best and the worst, but we beat none of them. A slip of a woman can teach a class anywhere in the city, and does so without ever raising her hand against a child.

ONCE I heard an old principal give this lesson to a beginning teacher. She rushed into his office in tears and laid her keys on his desk as a gesture of resignation.

"I can't teach," she cried. "I lost my temper and slapped Micky. I couldn't stand him. I just couldn't stand him another minute."

"So? Well, you just remember this: You are a teacher, and a teacher in the public schools of America is a very powerful person, because in her is represented the spirit that made America. Behind you are the host of men and women who made this country and established these schools. You need no other force. You're an American teacher.

"Micky is a very trying child. I'll send for him, and you tell him you're sorry you lost your temper, and I think he'll forgive you."

Astonishment silenced the girl, and she waited for Micky to come as one who doesn't know what to expect next. Micky came, round eyed and a little alarmed.

"I'm sorry, Micky. I shouldn't have lost my temper," said the little teacher.

Micky's eyes grew rounder and wider, and then he smiled, a smile that had traveled down a long line of laughter-loving ancestors, a smile that has triumphed over the tears of centuries.

"You're sorry you smacked me? You can smack me any time you like. I'm for you," said Micky, and away they went.

Another picture is presented in the action of a teacher in Elmsford, New York, who used a rubber hose on some of his pupils. His summary methods aroused the parents, who protested against the indignity of having their children beaten by a school teacher. The teacher defended his action on the ground that using the rubber hose had a "moral effect" upon the children—an exploded opinion with neither right nor reason.

In New Jersey there is a school famous the world over among psychiatrists, educators, and parents of mentally afflicted children. Edward Johnstone started the school in the little town of Vineland more than twenty-five years ago, and because he is there his school has become as a city builded upon a hill.

"Fessor," as his children love to call him, is a slender splinter of a man with the eyes of an idealist and the hands of an artist. His appearance would not awe the tiniest mite of a child, but the love in his voice, the benediction of his gracious soul, draws even the most benighted child to his side.

No child is ever beaten in the Vineland school. "Fessor" would not have it so. If one of them needs to work off superfluous energy, there are the jobs to be done; if he needs exercise and play, there are the games and the playgrounds; if he makes mistakes, there are the teachers to help him; if he is ill, there are the doctors and the nurses and the psychiatrist. To the Fessor an erring child is an ailing child, and it is his duty and privilege to help him—that's all.

I have little patience with those who plead that whipping a child gives them more pain than it does the child. People are not in the habit of taking pain to themselves if they can avoid it—unless they happen to belong to the class who enjoy inflicting pain on themselves and others.

We know that there are such people, and I strongly suspect that the child beaters are among their number. A visit to an expert psychologist might help them to overcome their difficulty and remove the impulse that leads them to hurt children and deceive themselves into assuming that they are being martyred in a righteous cause.

Nor can I accept with calm the statement of the man who rises to announce that his father beat the fear of God into his heart, and that he believes what was good for him is good for the present day child. I suspect him of harboring old grudges, of hiding bitterness and vindictive wishes against humanity because he suffered at the hands of his parents.

I cannot help thinking, "Why do you hold yourself up as a fine example? What is there fine about you? Perhaps you might have had a keener appreciation of spiritual values if your folks hadn't beaten them all out of you. As you are, you're just a pitiful exhibit of ignorant handling."

One day last spring I stood by the side of a gray haired man, watching the children dance about their Maypoles in a park. As the children danced, their gay ribbons fluttering in the breeze, the bands playing in mad competition with the gales of laughter that floated over the fields, the old man became strangely silent. When, with one last triumphant shout and stamp they threw up their heads and tossed their ribbons high, he sobbed, and I turned to see the tears running down his cheeks.

"I lost all that," he said. "I was cheated out of my childhood. My parents beat me so that I ran away to work when I was nine years old. Ever since I have been bitter against them, against anyone who might have power over me. Don't you ever beat a child. It's better to kill him."

I KNOW there are times when we must take upon ourselves the right of action to preserve the children in safety. I would agree with Sinclair when he says that the child must be lifted out of the way of the motor cars; he must be prevented from playing with the fire; he must not be allowed to hurt himself.

That is true. But in saving his body his spirit must not be maimed by corporal punishment. Children must not be beaten.

After all is said and done, we are educating the children so that they may live in happiness. We want them to be useful and at peace with themselves and their neighbors. We would help them to a realization of spiritual values, without which life is empty, indeed.

We would have them cultivate beauty in their daily living, earn the love of a few people, the friendship of a few more, the good will of the host. To this end we must send them out with free souls, unafraid, untrammeled.

Something fine and high dies in the beaten child. He will never be as free and as fearless again. The law of love has been violated, and the voice of the great Teacher thunders against us:

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones . . . it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

THE END

RICHARD CONNELL

What Are the MOVIES Coming To?

RICHARD CONNELL has peered into the future. He sees a day when nobody reads books any more; when history, hopelessly jazzed, crumbles before the onslaught of the men who write the scenarios.

"Size, that's our slogan," mutter the harassed picture magnates. Queens, galleons, Indians, slaves; a half million dollar giraffe bill for Noah's Ark; an ocean in the Sahara Desert. More and more; madder and madder. And then——

It's all delightfully absurd, and a little breath-taking. A fantastic adventure of the future with an ironic twist and a daring touch of melodrama in the wind-up. Watch for

BIG THINGS—IN A BIGGER WAY

In Next Week's Liberty

GRACEFUL LINES IN HOLIDAY GOWNS by Corinne Lowe

For the young matron, at the left, is a holiday frock of amber lace posed over gold metal cloth and with a drapery of amber chiffon. The little girl finds her solution in an adorable apple green taffeta tied with satin ribbon of deeper green. The woman of advanced years may find in the draped skirt of this black georgette a holiday text. Last, the miss in her teens goes to her Christmas dance in changeable blue and gray taffeta combined with silver lace.

IN OUR revolt against the old theory that a woman should be old at thirty we have perhaps erred too much in the other direction. Nowadays one finds so many women of sixty and more who are wearing near Highland kilts for skirts, who insist on going out just like the day, in all the sunset colors of hair and complexion—well, one meets so many of these Burbanked grandmothers that one thinks sentimentally of the time when elderly women wore mob-caps and never dreamed of "lifting" their faces.

But, of course, no one would seriously wish the woman past her youth to get into a uniform of age. We all want to see our mothers and grandmothers well dressed. And the only criticism is that often the older woman does not sufficiently temper the mode to her years.

In the second figure from the right on this page I am showing a frock of black georgette —especially appropriate for the holidays— which offers just the right proportion of fashion interest and of dignity. As you see, this model is draped, and therein lies its chief recommendation. Whether the shortcomings of the older woman's figure be those of thinness or its opposite, the kindly drape helps conceal the fact.

Then, too, the sleeves have their message. As a rule neither the present modish tight sleeves nor their rival peasant and balloon interpretations look well on the woman of advanced years. To soften the effect produced by dark cloth and severe cut, in combination with wrists and hands that have lost perhaps the contours and smoothness of youth, there should be some such touch of white as you find in the cream georgette ruffles finishing these elbow length sleeves.

The same remarks may be made concerning the neckline. Always the older woman will find the touch of white at the throat infinitely more becoming than the unrelieved contact with dark material. Thus in this model a vestee of cream georgette fills in the front V with a graceful effect.

Although this frock occurs in black crêpe, it may, of course, be transposed to some other tone. Incidentally, one remarks that this older sister among us is no longer doomed to the black and steel gray which used to cloud declining years. She may now wear all the blues from powder to stained glass and all the lavenders from a pale orchid to the new fuchsia red. All of these are, in fact, stunning with gray hair.

In the same breath a warning must be sounded against green and all the shades of tan and brown. Only in rare instances are these becoming to older women.

The other illustrations on the page point first, at the left, to a graceful model of amber lace over cloth of gold which shows the fashionable blousing above a girdle of cloth of gold closing with an ornament of jade, blue, and gold. The drapery of amber chiffon attached to the back of the right shoulder is a salient of this frock designed for the daughter of the older woman.

The small granddaughter's turn comes next in a party frock of green taffeta with a double ruching around the skirt and neck and with side shirring terminating in a big bow of satin ribbon in deeper green.

Last, a holiday party frock for the girl of from fifteen to eighteen—a charming creation of changeable taffeta in soft gray and blue combined with silver lace.

ANYTHING BUT THE

Crosby, Seized as the Slayer of Lennox, the Butler, Takes a Desperate Chance to Escape the Enmeshing Coils of the Law, but Militant Milliken Upsets His Well-Laid Plans with a Strategy of Her Own.

Pictures by
ROBERT G. JONES

What Has Happened So Far

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, financier and man of many secrets, is found murdered on his own front porch, in full daylight. A huge carving knife has been driven into his breast and left there.

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE, his lovely daughter by adoption, is suspected of the murder, as she was the last person to speak to her father and has had a dispute with him concerning her engagement to

GRANT MAXWELL, to whom Eldridge objects. Maxwell and Lorraine return to the house late in the evening a few days later, and surprise

MRS. MAXWELL, Grant's mother, as she rushes out of the Eldridge home. On investigation Lorraine finds the body of the butler, LENNOX, on the floor of the library.

SERGEANT STILES, a policeman, and PETER THORNE, a self-made detective, are working on the Eldridge murder mystery when the butler is killed, and are completely puzzled as to the motive for this second murder. Lorraine tells the detective of seeing Mrs. Maxwell, and when confronted with this accusation the latter relates how she saw Lawyer Crosby kill the butler.

CROSBY is a ruthless, fiendish schemer who wants to get control of the Eldridge fortune and, in his anxiety to find the hiding place of Eldridge's private papers, kidnaps and tries to murder the detective Thorne, who had found the hiding place, but has no key to it. Lawyer Crosby has the key. Thorne is saved from asphyxiation by EDWARD MILES, a youngster who admires Thorne, and enlists the aid of the police to help him arrest Crosby on the charge of murdering Lennox, the butler. In his efforts he is greatly helped by MILLIKEN, the pungent-tongued cook of the Eldridge household.

NOW CONTINUE WITH THE STORY—

CHAPTER XVI.

CROSBY AT HOME

IT WAS about eight o'clock in the evening when Peter Thorne, accompanied by the eager and excited Stiles, reached the Crosby home. Thorne had had no dinner, but so anxious was he to find Crosby and face him with the accusation of having killed Lennox that food was far from his thoughts.

When they were informed by the impassive butler that Mr. Crosby was not at home, the detective stated, simply, that they would wait until he returned. Without heeding the servant's protest, Thorne led the way to the library and placed chairs for himself and the police officer. Then he waved his hand with a gesture indicating dismissal of the hovering butler.

The worried expression on the man's face caught Stiles' attention, and he asked, "Where is Mr. Crosby?"

"I—I don't know——"

"How long has he been gone? What's the matter with you, anyway? When do you expect him back? Explain yourself!"

As the policeman had intended, his rain of questions flurried the butler still more, and he wrung his hands nervously as he declared he didn't know where his master had gone or when he would return.

"Then get out!" Stiles said, peremptorily.

The man went, but with slow step and uncertain, backward glances.

"What got into that guy?" Stiles said, testily.

"Don't you get it?" Thorne smiled. "The truth is, Crosby isn't out at all. He's in this house, hiding. That butler knows it, and is worried sick for fear we'll find him."

He rose and closed the door.

Then, with a wink at Stiles, he took a paper pad from the library table and a pencil, and, writing a few lines, he silently handed the paper over to his comrade. Eagerly, Stiles read:

> I am quite sure Crosby is hiding in the book safe—the place where he shut me up this afternoon. I saw the butler look toward it, furtively, two or three times.
>
> The ventilator is open, so he can breathe all right.

Stiles reread this information. He saw at once it was doubtless true. He scribbled a few

TRUTH *By Carolyn Wells*

Ninth Installment of a Thrilling Serial of Love, Astounding Crime, and Mystery.

She was toying with a café parfait when Stiles' triumphant face appeared. "Ah, Mr. Crosby, so we have you at last."

words and passed it back. He had written:

If we shut that ventilator we can smoke him out soon enough.

Thorne rose and went over to the closed door of the little bookroom. He stepped up on a chair and looked through the open grating of the transom ventilator. This gave him no view of the lower part of the inclosure, so he could not see whether Crosby was there or not.

But he spoke firmly.

"Crosby," he said, distinctly, "I know you're in here, and you'd better come out. You're wanted for the murder of Lennox, the Eldridge's butler, and I tell you frankly it's for your own interests to give yourself up. So unlock the door, and come on out."

There was no response. Though listening intently, Thorne could hear not the slightest sound.

Then he said, "Since I have no reply, I'm justified in assuming there's no one in this book safe. Therefore, there's no reason why I should not shut off this ventilator."

This brought a sudden, involuntary gasp from within, and Thorne nodded his head at Stiles, in silent satisfaction.

"Last chance, Crosby," he said, in slow, even tones. "I'm going to close the ventilator, and I have reason to know it cannot be opened from the inside. Any remarks, Crosby?"

There were no remarks, but again Thorne felt almost sure he heard that little gasp of despair. He hoped that the slowly vitiating air would scare the prisoner into using his key.

And that was what happened. After not many minutes, the key turned in the lock, and Crosby stepped out into the library.

He breathed deeply a few times, and Thorne realized that this older man had been affected unpleasantly much more quickly than he himself had been.

But, his natural breathing restored, Crosby faced the two, grim faced and angry.

"What's this all about?" he asked, as if he had heard none of their conversation. "You are aware you are trespassers here——"

"Cut out the talk, Mr. Crosby," Stiles said, sternly. "I arrest you for the murder of Lennox, the butler of the late Austin Eldridge. And I warn you that anything you say——"

"Cut out the talk yourself, Stiles," Crosby

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

retorted. "I don't propose to say anything. Your charge is too absurd even to refute. So I say nothing at all—here. Take me to your chief, and I will tell my story to him. Then, I think, there will be no further detention of me on this silly, trumped-up charge!"

Thorne was a little taken aback. Could Mrs. Maxwell have been mistaken as to Crosby's identity? He pondered over this as Crosby said, "Come along, Mr. Stiles, I'm ready."

The two went off in the car—Crosby willing and glad to start, apparently. Thorne, having made an excuse to stay behind, cast a searching glance around the room. Where, he wondered, was that key? Did Crosby have it on his person, or was it, by a lucky chance, on his desk and, so, available? He searched the desk. If he could only nail that key first!

Meantime, Crosby and Stiles flew along the road in the little car.

Stiles was nonplussed at Crosby's attitude. The detective was far from sure that Crosby was the real murderer of the Eldridge butler, and the man's entire willingness to go along quietly and tell his story, at headquarters, gave Stiles confidence in his good faith.

So he used no handcuffs, and the pair sat silent for the most part.

A glance now and then at the lawyer's face showed the detective only the stern countenance of a man on the defensive, ready and waiting to explain away the untoward circumstances in which he found himself.

What the explanation would be, Stiles did not know.

Nor was he destined to find out. For, as they sped along, Stiles was suddenly dealt a mighty blow behind the ear, and knew no more.

Swiftly and deftly, Crosby lifted out the unconscious man, laid him on the grass by the roadside, tossed a lap robe over him, and, springing back into the car, took the wheel and sped on toward the Eldridge house.

There were no lights in the house, save in the hall and one in the back kitchen quarters. This was exactly what Crosby wanted, and he hurried around to the rear of the house.

Jumping from the car, he tapped lightly at the kitchen entrance.

A MOMENT, and Milliken appeared, irate but curious to see the late visitor.

"Good land o' Goshen, if 'tain't Mr. Crosby! What the dickens do you want this time o' night?"

Crosby stepped inside.

"Listen, Milliken"—he spoke low and in impressive tones—"there's no time for explanation; but unless we hustle Lorraine out of this house at once—this very minute—she'll be arrested for the murder of her father."

"Bosh! Nonsense! I don't believe——"

"Milliken, by this delay you are sending her straight to the chair! She is being what they call 'railroaded'; she won't have a chance to say a word for yourself, or you for her. If you delay things now, her death will be upon your head."

The solemn words startled Milliken, the intensity of the voice convinced her, and, trembling, she asked what she was to do.

"The police are after her; they are on the way here now. I learned of their intentions and stole their car. They've gone for another and will be here in a terribly few minutes. Go and get Lorry, waken her, put a few necessary clothes on her, and get her down here with all speed possible. I am saving her life—I am preventing her arrest. Tell her this — she knows she's being railroaded — she'll understand. If she's too sleepy to understand, just make her get ready and get her down—*quick!*"

Convinced at last, Milliken hurried up to Lorraine's room, shook her awake, lifted her upright, and then began to dress her before the awakening process was completed.

"Stick the other foot in this stocking, Miss Lorry," Milliken commanded, and, rapidly coming to her full senses, Lorraine demanded to know the meaning of this strange proceeding.

"You're bein' railroaded," said Milliken, succinctly. "And Mr. Crosby's a-savin' you from it. Here, stick your head through——" And Milliken hooked and tied and buttoned as Lorraine, from sheer force of habit, got into her clothes.

"But I don't understand——"

"Dress first, and understand afterward. It's danger, that's what it is, Miss Lorry, dear. Danger. Land knows I've small love for old man Crosby, but his manner o' speakin' leaves me no doubt that he means what he says. And, after all, Miss Lorry, we can't take a chanct. He says as how you know what this here now railroaderin' means."

Lorraine shuddered. "Yes, Milly, I know. Come on; I'm ready."

Softly they went downstairs and out to the kitchen. Essie, the curious, her eyes as big as saucers, was hanging around in a dressing gown to learn what was going on.

"You—Essie—come here!" And, grasping the maid by the arm, Milliken drew her aside and whispered to her, while Lorraine met Crosby, and begged him to tell her what it all meant.

"Hush," he said, still speaking in those tones that carried conviction of desperate and immediate danger. "The police are out for you. By the merest chance I learned about it, and stole one of their cars, and I'm here to rescue you. They have concluded to arrest you, and prove their case afterward. Unless you go with me at once, they will take you away tonight."

"Where are you taking me?" The girl still hesitated.

"Right to my house. They'll never look for you there, and my sister, Lucia, will care for you as for a daughter. You will be safe for the present, anyway, and we can decide on future plans at leisure. Come, Lorraine; it's arrest, if you don't. I can't see you taken to jail——"

A stifled cry showed this idea had frightened the girl, and she moved toward the door. The little car awaited them, and Crosby peered up and down the road, listening, he said, for the approaching police.

"They'll come from town," he whispered, "so we'll go the other way. It's farther around to our house that way, but we'll avoid meeting them."

He bundled Lorraine into the car, and turned to say a word to Milliken before they started.

"I'll find a way to communicate with you," he promised her. "I'll let you know, tomorrow, of anything Miss Eldridge wants from home, and I think, soon, I can arrange matters so this whole phase of the affair will blow over, and our girl will be out of danger."

So dazed and frightened had Lorraine been, and so thoughtless of anything but present danger, that she had utterly forgotten Peter Thorne's revelation of Crosby's attempt to kill him and of the lawyer's possible connection with the murder of Lennox.

These disclosures flashed across her mind as he tucked her into the car, and she gave a sudden, frightened gasp.

Crosby heard it, but paid no heed, and arranged himself in the seat beside her. It was a car having a small seat behind for one person.

"We're off," he whispered, and took the wheel, his mind and thoughts all on the girl beside him and the driving, at which he was an expert.

Because of this, he did not see that Milliken—the determined and intrepid Milliken—had climbed to the small and somewhat precarious seat behind and hidden herself under an extra lap robe.

There, crouching down so that she was concealed from those in front, she clung with grim persistence to the sides, and swayed bumpily as they flew along the drive and out on to the highroad.

As Crosby drove the car rapidly along, Lorraine, sitting by his side, began to collect her scattered senses, and realize, at least in part, what had happened.

She said nothing for a time, and then she suddenly spoke.

"Mr. Crosby, you are not driving toward your house."

"I daren't, yet. I spied the lights of the police car. They are after us, and I must get you to a place of safety. Trust all to me; I will save you from all trouble that may threaten you."

"There is no trouble I can think of greater than to be here alone with you, late at night——"

"Yes, to be arrested and thrown into jail would be far worse, and well you know that. It is a danger no one can save you from but myself, and I am going to do it, even if against your wishes."

"WHERE are you going?" she said, sternly, as they turned aside into a byroad.

"We have no choice," he said, quietly. "We dare not strike out toward my house — we should meet them face to face. We must hide somewhere, near by, for the rest of the night, and in the morning we can decide what to do."

"No! I will not go. Take me to Miss Lucia, as you promised. I don't care if we do meet the police; I'd rather be arrested than alone with you!"

"You don't realize what arrest means."

"I don't care. I don't trust you, not one little bit. And, what's more, I see through you. I understand at last. You're afraid of the police yourself! They want you for the murder of Lennox! You're running away

WALTER DAVENPORT
Robt. H. Davis Photo.

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Human nature is about the same everywhere in this matter of meeting one's debts. Nearly everyone lays aside the same bills. Why? Walter Davenport has been making some inquiries into the industry of making people pay what they owe. He finds they've taken this business of dunning and made a science of it. They don't bluster now. They're subtle. And they know all about you. Read

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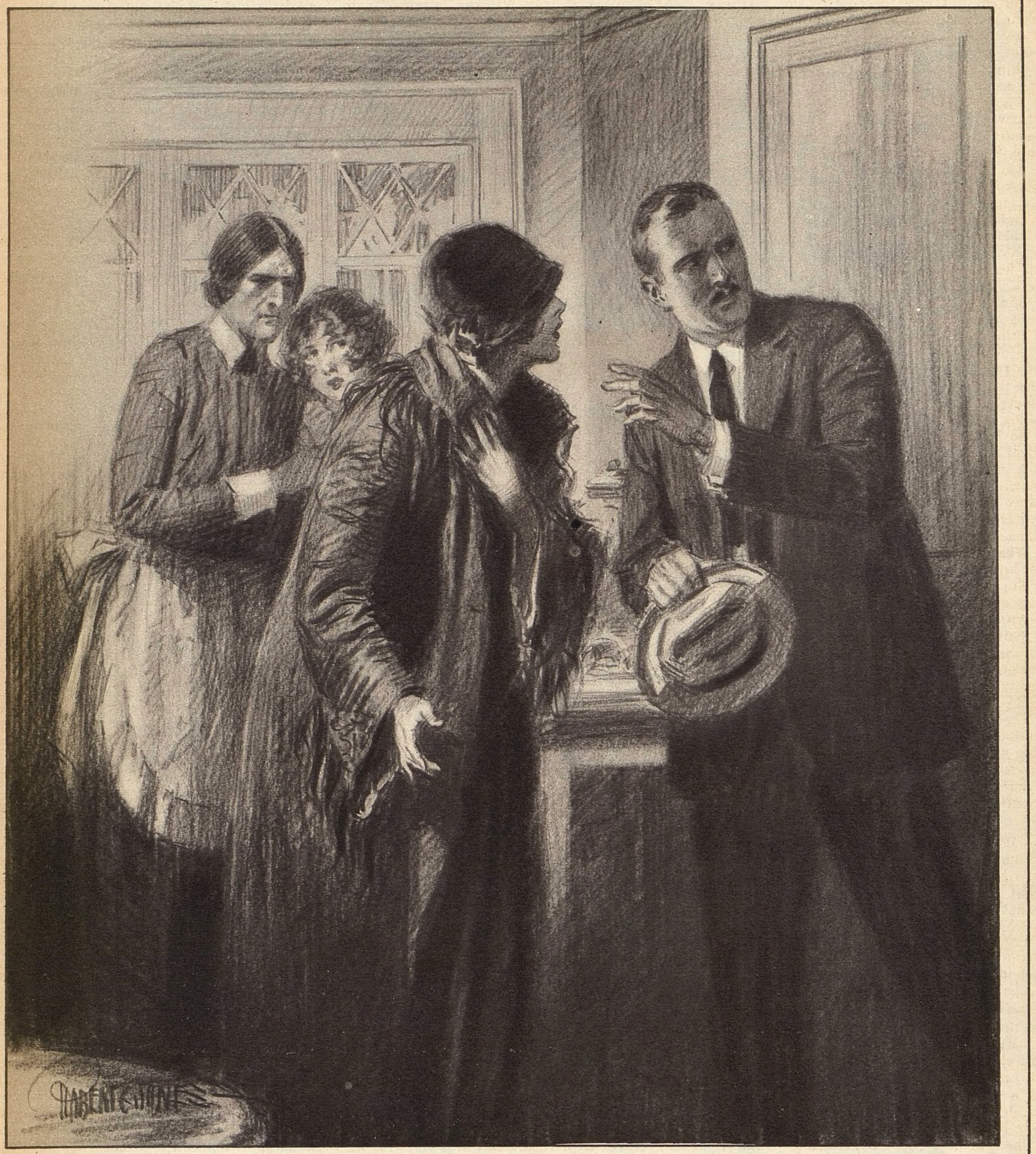

"Hush," he said, "the police are out for you. I'm here to rescue you."

from them, and taking me along with you!"

Crosby chuckled, a wicked, satisfied chuckle of achieved deviltry.

"Right, my girl—exactly right! Now, what are you going to do about it?"

She was stunned for a moment, and made no reply. At last, she said:

"I'll fight you with every ounce of strength and will power I possess! And I'll win out, too!"

Lorry's voice was brave and her words rang out, full of scorn and defiance, but Milliken, listening from the back seat, recognized the undercurrent of fear, if not despair.

In another moment they were driving up to the entrance of a large house, where a few lights still burned and whose front door stood hospitably open.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE ROADHOUSE

CROSBY got out, passing around in front of the car, and Milliken dared to lean over and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

whisper, "All right, Miss Lorry, dear, I'm here. Hush — not a sound."

The familiar voice did not startle Lorraine into audible expression. Her heart beat fast for joy. Milliken with her! She had no further fear, now; she must plan the best thing to do. And, first of all, she must placate Crosby.

Milliken, crouched down behind, listened for the words that would give her a hint as to her own procedure.

They came.

"You win, Mr. Crosby," Lorraine said, in a disheartened but gentle voice. "This place looks pleasant and hospitable. Let's stay here the rest of the night. I'm very tired and very hungry. Go in and see if they'll take us. I promise not to budge till you get back."

Surprised by her apparent acceptance of the situation, Crosby hesitated beside the car. Her sudden change of front was suspicious, yet it was in line with his cynical philosophy and he was already half convinced that she had surrendered. "I shall go no farther than the door," he said. "Don't try to escape. And don't make a scene here. If you do I shall have to tell who you are and the police will be sent for."

He went up on to the porch, to the open doorway, and spoke to someone within.

Lorraine, turning, partly rested her head on the back of the seat as though worn out. In reality she was whispering to Milliken.

"Slip out on the side away from the door and hide in the bushes," she said softly. "I'm going to make him give me supper—everything that takes time. You get at the proprietor, then. Tell him this man is wanted by the police and he or you must telephone at once to headquarters in Shoredale and have them send a fast car and men to arrest Crosby.

"Tell them to hurry, as I may not be able to hold him back as long as I hope. He may suspect my good faith. Hurry, Milliken. If the landlord seems unwilling to call the police or to let you call them, tell him he'll be an accessory and he'll be arrested himself. Quick, get out!"

MILLIKEN was spry. Without a word, she gave Lorraine a fond pat on her shoulder and slid out of the car just in time to be well away before Crosby turned from the door.

He was followed by a beaming proprietor, who rubbed his hands in a welcoming way.

"Mrs. Briggs?" he said. "Yes, ma'am, quite so. Get right out, ma'am."

Crosby took Lorraine by the arm as she alighted and whispered a word of warning and threat.

But, to his relief, she smiled pleasantly at the landlord and turned to Crosby himself with an air of trust and content.

"I'm starving," she announced as they entered. "Can't I have supper first of all?"

"Certainly," he said. "Can we have a little dining room to ourselves?"

"Sure," the man replied, with a wink, and led them to a pretty room off the main dining room.

"You want to go to your room and freshen up a bit?" Crosby asked.

"No, not at all. I'm famished. Let's have our supper at once. What can we have?" And she turned to the smiling proprietor.

"Anything you wish," he returned, bowled over entirely by the wistful face and pleading eyes.

LORRAINE chose the dishes which she thought would take longest to prepare, and she meant to follow them up with a salad and a sweet and coffee, if the police were delayed that long.

She had perfect confidence in Milliken's sagacity and cleverness, and she knew her orders would be carried out exactly.

So, really jubilant at the prospect of relief, she showed a smiling countenance to Crosby and kept him at her side by her sheer fascination.

"I don't know what to make of you," he said. "I thought you were going to fight——"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Why put up a fight that is bound to be a losing one? And I'm hungry. After supper—perhaps I'll fight you——"

Her pretty, hesitating air was adorable and completely fooled Crosby. He felt she must have decided her only course was to submit to his plans. And, too, he was conceited enough to think that perhaps she did care for him after all, perhaps forced to it by his caveman fashion of carrying her off. Some girls were like that.

But, most of all, his suspicions were lulled by his conviction that she could not have sent any message or messenger to her people, for he had not lost sight of her for a moment. There were no attendants about save a few in the kitchen. A man had been summoned from sleep to look after the car.

Lorraine, knowing all that she had at stake, played her part. She was not too suddenly submissive, she was not too definitely amenable, but she was coy, with occasional flattery; shy, with piquant allurement, until Crosby, utterly infatuated, was ready to promise anything.

She was toying with a *café parfait*, when the door was flung open and Stiles' triumphant face appeared.

"Ah, Mr. Crosby," he said, "so we have you at last. Guess you'll have to leave your supper unfinished and come along now. Good evening, Miss Eldridge, Mr. Marsh, another detective, is here to look after you. And he will take your servant, too. Come, Crosby. The jig is up."

And Crosby saw the jig was up. And he knew that Lorraine had done it. How she brought it about he could not imagine, but he knew at once that her sweetness and gayety had been mere stalling for time, and that she had, in some mysterious way, contrived to let the police know where they were.

But it mattered little to him how his destruction had been brought about. He was surely up against it now.

He was unceremoniously put into a police car, this time more securely guarded, while Lorraine went with Milliken and, within an hour, was once more in her own room.

The next morning Peter Thorne learned of all that had happened.

His search for the key in Crosby's library had been futile, and he hoped that now it could be secured.

And it was, for it hung on Crosby's keyring, which the police had in charge.

So Peter Thorne, without further delay, called together those most interested and declared he was about to unlock the hiding place where many papers of Austin Eldridge were in all probability secreted.

Lorraine and the two Mersereaus were, of course, present, as well as Mr. Miles, Senior, who was the new lawyer Lorraine had retained to look after her interests.

Grant Maxwell and his mother were there and the Eldridge servants hovered in the background.

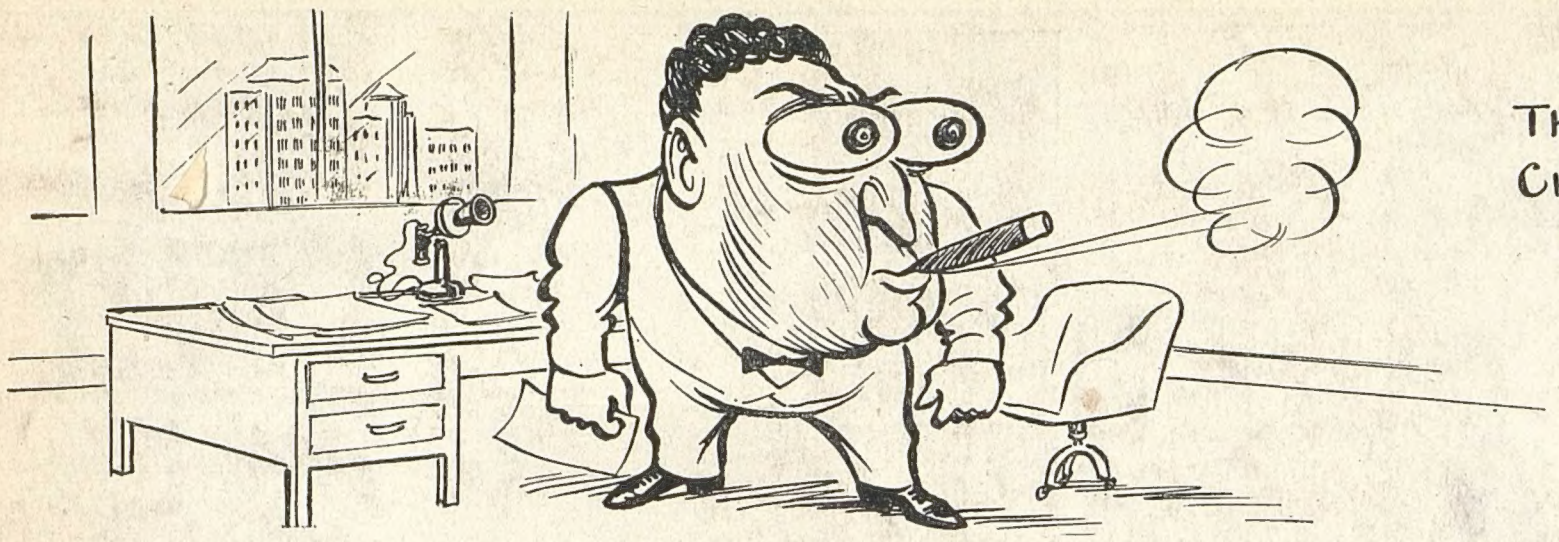
With no trouble at all, Thorne fitted the little key into the lock he had discovered in the top of the wardrobe, and, as he had expected, the front of the high wooden shelf fell down on hinges and the back part of it proved to be piled with papers, in cases, portfolios, and neatly tied bundles.

The whole lot was brought out and placed on a table, and Peter Thorne and Mr. Miles began to run over them hastily.

The moment was tense, each asking himself, "What will we find?" Thorne, ordinarily not given to excitement, felt his nerves grow taut. For the answer to a question on which Lorraine's whole future life depended was only a few moments away.

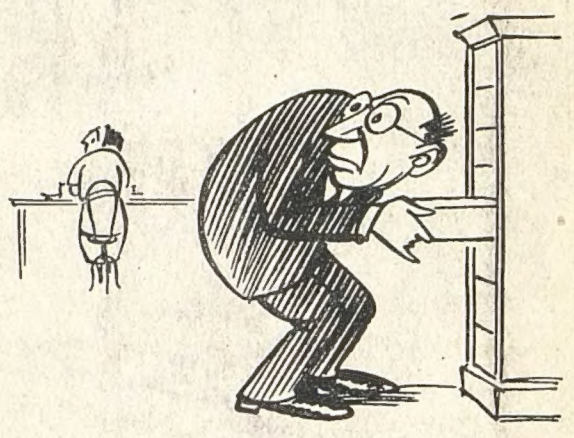
The concluding installment of this fascinating serial, in which the astounding crime riddle that has baffled readers for many weeks is cleared up, will appear next week. Each installment has piled thrill on thrill and mystery on mystery—but the last installment dwarfs all the others. The dénouement will amaze you! Do not miss it!

THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX—*By H. M. Bateman*



THEY RE ON ME —

& THEY RE ON ME —

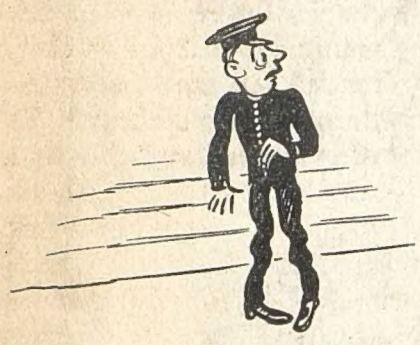


& THEY'RE ON ME TOO .

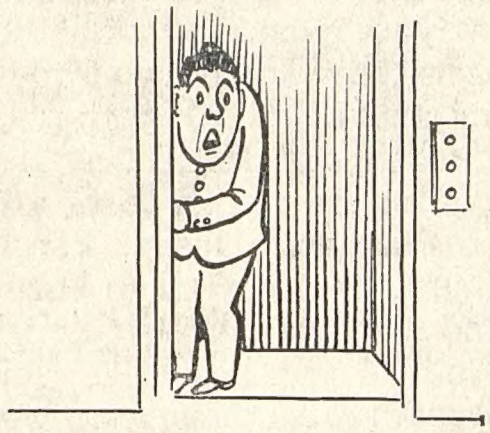
OH & THEYRE ON ME !

& ON LITTLE ME !

YES, & ON ME ALSO .

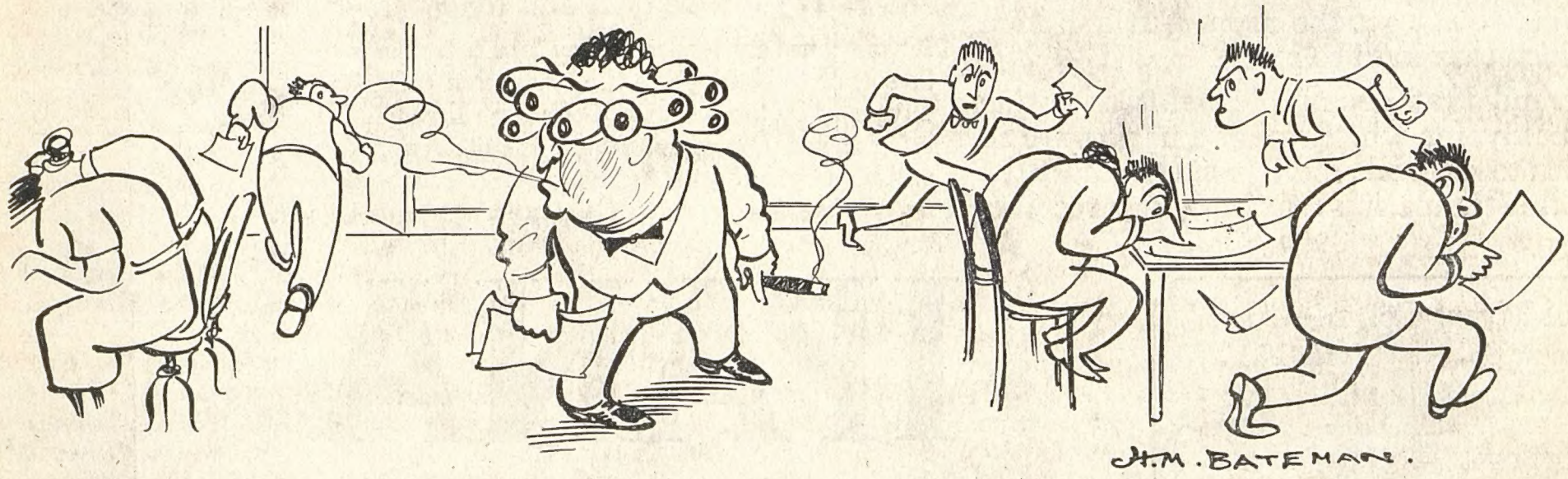


WHY ! THEY'RE ON ME —



& ME —

& THEY'RE EVEN ON ME !



GEE ! BUT THEY'RE ON ABSOLUTELY EVERYBODY & EVERYTHING !!!

H. M. Bateman is a great humorist. His work has long been recognized in England, where he has had his pictures published in the leading magazines, such as The Bystander, Punch, and all the best known British publications. We take pleasure in presenting him to our American readers because we think we have discovered a great cartoonist.

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